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The Press of Two Nations, by James Truslow Adams, on page 710

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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CIVILIZATION is so marvellous a mechanism that it can accustom itself under necessity to anything. It can inure itself to war and, hardly less difficult, again accommodate itself to peace. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say inure itself to peace, since the readjustment that comes after struggle is a hardening rather than an easing process. It is a process which means the resolute acceptance of a changed order of existence, the determination to live down as well as live after dissension, the will to triumph over chaos. It implies a recovery of balance, measure, and perspective, and in that recovery of proportion a reassessing of human values. It is no mere accident, indeed, that a sudden tide of philosophic discussion has swept literature, but rather the signal and result of the recapture of a point of view which the war temporarily shattered. For when you no longer believe that man-made civilization has hopelessly foundered, and when you see in the kaleidoscopic progression of life pattern as well as lack of conformity, you are apt to reestablish man as the measure of all things. Once more he dominates his experiences and when that happens his philosophy and his literature alike tend away from naturalism.

That literature at least (for we shall leave philosophy to the philosophers for the present) has here in America been leading away of late from the naturalism of the immediately post-war years there can be no doubt. Daily it grows more evident that between the writing of even three years ago and today there is a sharp division. Our fiction—and fiction, of course, is more completely reflective of the standards of conduct and modes of thought of a people than any other single department of letters—shows an increasing withdrawal from the defeatism of recent years, a reawakening interest in the historical and romantic, and a growing attraction to the robust and hearty. Partly, of course, this is so because a new generation has come to maturity, a generation born too late to have shared in the devastating mental experiences of war, let alone to have borne arms, and bound, like all youth, to be served. It demands of right the enjoyment of a belief that life is something more than mere incoherence, and looks upon the world with a spirit quickened by this faith to a tussle with existence, confident that the struggle is worth the waging. It takes as of course certain of the sanctions—or lack of sanctions—which its immediate predecessors won for themselves with clamor and bitterness. It resents, to be sure, having the disillusion of its elders fastened upon its shoulders, yet it bears those elders gratitude for having removed the blinders from society. It is a generation open-eyed, unsentimental, outspoken, but a generation unembittered.

And what of its elders? They, indeed, are no more what once they were, for they have lived long enough since the war for knowledge to have relaxed their callow despair. Their disgust with life has abated, their despondency has sprung occasional sentimental or romantic tendrils. They remain a disillusioned generation but no longer a completely hopeless one. Henceforth, in fact, they should be a leaven rather than an irritant to literature and as such quite as useful as ever they were in the crusading days of their youth.

Prognositications are rarely more than hopes finding words, and dangerous at best. To venture a forecast of what the next twenty years in American literature may bring is to fly in the face of wisdom. Yet it may at least be said that whether or not the next two decades will produce great books they hold the hope of a literature more balanced and rounded, more nicely compounded of emotion and thought, than the literature that has gone before. For within the space of a single generation extraordinary experience has produced what is virtually two generations, both mature and both yet young, the one purged of all glamorous belief by the disaster of war and viewing the world somberly now rather than bitterly, and the other with the natural ardor of its youth tempered by the knowledge of the catastrophe in which it so narrowly escaped participation. Here surely should be the high seriousness which Matthew Arnold proclaimed the mark of great literature. Here should be both vision and understanding.

New Song

By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

WHEN I walked out the stars put by
Their frosty high serenity
And gravely glad came thronging down
To be once more my casual crown.

They know!—and calm Selene knows
The secret of the secret rose,
Of their hushed passion it is born,
They are its loveliness and thorn.

That night I spoke the expectant stars,
Brothers, gird me for your wars.
They armored me with nakedness,
And forged the swift sword of excess.

They brought me Pegasus for seat.
With argent clangors rang his feet.
From pasture in the Galaxy
Neighing he came and nuzzled me.

I grasped his comet-spangled mane,
Between his perilous wings again
I leaped, and rode as in old days
The pathless paths and cosmic ways.

And from my heart and lips long dumb
Song silvered forth when we had come
Close to the Pleiades—I knew
They are the seven selves of you.

I heard the stars with happy laughter
Whisper before and murmur after,
He sings again, he saw us there,
In her eyes and in her hair.

This Week

"Good-Bye to All That."
Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

"A Gallery of Women."
Reviewed by ROLLO WALTER BROWN.

"Iron Man."
Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

"Enough of Dreams."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

Next Week, or Later

The Present Position of History.
By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN.

Mr. Belloc's Apples*

By DESMOND MACCARTHY

HE is, what in youth he never dreamt of becoming, one of the most popular men in England—I am speaking of Bernard Shaw. This is not a suspicious symptom; it is merely the result of having been before the public a long time. The English have a habit of proclaiming some one as the Grand Old Man of Letters and of then hailing all he does afterwards as more wonderful than anything he wrote before. They get fond of anyone whose name they have heard for fifty years, and fondness takes the form of unbounded admiration.

"How can I hope to put in a column and a half," wrote Mr. St. John Ervine of "The Apple Cart,"* "a fair measure of the brains that are in it? To produce such a piece of high farce, fantastic wisdom, high discourse, at the age of seventy-three, is a feat of which men half the age of Mr. Shaw might be envious." (Yes, of course they ought to be.) "Let me say," wrote another critic, "this is one of the most brilliant plays Bernard Shaw has written." . . . "To-day," exclaimed Mr. Hannen Swaffer, after the first performance, "was a great event in the history of the English theatre." Such praise might pass as only verbally unprecise if critics remembered that Mr. Shaw has written many other plays not only as brilliant but more profound; plays which they received in a very different manner. What was it, I asked myself, at the end of the performance of "The Apple Cart," beside the dramatist's venerable years, which made the people who were wont to dismiss his "discussion plays" as all talk and no drama, accept this prolonged political conversation with such grateful enthusiasm? Not even in "Getting Married" or in "Misalliance" is the proportion of talk to action greater than it is in "The Apple Cart."

* * *

Well, in the first place there is a theatrical reason: with the exception of the interlude the talk centres round a situation in which one man is pitted against many, and this is always a "sympathetic" situation. How is King Magnus going to escape signing the ultimatum by which his Cabinet intends to reduce him to a royal cipher? We are aware that he is cleverer and more disinterested than his ministers, but we are kept wondering how he will manage to get the better of them. He triumphs in the end by threatening to abdicate and lead in the House of Commons a rival political party. Why that threat should have compelled the Prime Minister to tear up the ultimatum was not quite clear to me. Such a decision on his part would depend, of course, upon his estimate of the feeling in the country at the moment, and in the play indications of that feeling were insufficient to make one certain that the Prime Minister's decision was inevitable. One thing, however, was certain, that the King as a party leader would have aimed at destroying the power of the great "Breakages Trust," allied as it was with a more or less corrupt Press, while his own views suggested that to do this he would have willingly become a Mussolini under the nominal monarchy of his son. At the same time his last words to Lysistrata (Power Mistress General) hint that he felt himself too old and tired to see that job through. She, who alone in the Cabinet represents devotion to efficiency, was sincerely sorry that he did not

* The Theatre Guild will produce "The Apple Cart" toward the end of February.

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abdicate. The implication, then, is that the Labor Cabinet and its Prime Minister are content, now the whole population is enjoying a more or less American level of prosperity, to let the "Breakages Trust" and corruption alone, provided they remain in office themselves. This is the only assumption on which the effect of the King's threat becomes plausible.

It is not very long since Mr. Shaw startled liberals and reformers by speaking up for Mussolini; and so inveterate is the popular notion that his *obiter dicta* was dictated by desire to surprise that his defence of Facism was interpreted as a piece of characteristic showy wilfulness. "The Apple Cart" proves that it was nothing of the kind. And here we touch upon a second reason why the play his been received with such effusive benevolence. The central idea that emerges from the criss-cross of discussion, from the satire, the fun, and the clash of character, is that Democracy as a form of Government is a hopeless fraud. This is a wide-spread and spreading persuasion. The play reflects what many intelligent people are thinking.

The strength of King Magnus's position is that he knows this. Being a King he can afford to admit it, while his Ministers and opponents know it is true but have to pretend that it is not. This gives him a great pull in argument; the discussion was consequently a one-man walk-over affair between a clever, calm, disinterested man and a set of excitable political boobies, each with one eye askew on the main chance. As a dramatic critic I missed in it therefore what has hitherto been the great merit of Mr. Shaw's discussion plays, an even distribution of brains among the debaters.

* * *

I have watched for years the evolution of Mr. Shaw's thought and genius. We all remember the moment when as a reformer he seemed to despair (if one so instinctively gay in temper can ever be said to do so) and clung to the idea of selective breeding ("Man and Superman") as to a last hen-coop in the wreck of his hopes for the future.

ter, he found it necessary to add another postulate the basis of rational optimism: the idea ("Back .. Methuselah") that the world could not really improve until men had learnt how to live to be thousands of years old. Both plays were full of insight into the radical conditions of humanity. "The Apple Cart" is nothing of that kind. It is almost as topical as "John Bull's Other Island," though the scene is projected into the future. That is another reason why it has interested people. It is about things they talk and laugh about. Let us not, then, call "The Apple Cart" "profound"; brilliantly topical is the right description of it. Its circumstances only differ from those of to-day in two respects: the national income is at the date of the play so distributed that there is no effective discontent left in England, and English life is still more Americanized. But the main features of the political situation remain those of today. There is a King who, though glamour has deserted him, still possesses dormant legal powers, by using which an exceptional man might any day make the Throne of first importance in the state. (Magnus is such a king.) Intelligent citizens have lost all interest in politics; the predatory have found short private cuts to power and riches outside politics, and exert pressure, when necessary, on frightened politicians through the Press which is in their pockets; the masses give without thinking their votes to any type of man or woman who amuses them; they are better off than they have ever been before, and they don't and can't bother their heads about the really precarious nature of that prosperity (suppose revolutions broke out in the countries where English capital is chiefly invested! Magnus is aware of that possibility, though his ministers only complacently observe that all is quiet at home); the people are rather amused by the plutocracy; they don't know, and they don't care how the rich batten on the waste generated by the social machine; politics only attract second-raters who cannot carve out for themselves a career in other fields; the devices by which politicians become popular and "rise" (but no longer to honor), are so futile as to fill any self-respecting man with nausea; the party machine makes the Cabinet independent of the House of Commons and Cabinets are full of duds or representatives of dubious "interests"; the prime Minister has to use his wits in trimming between those interests and cajoling those duds instead of applying them to real problems. But one barrier against corrupt or stupid legislation still remains in the Constitution—the Royal Veto; that is to say the disinterested decisions of a man independent of the frivolous idiots who are pulled and pushed this way and that by a few energetic greedy persons, good fellows no doubt in a private life, but without the tradition of public service or understanding of statemanship. Such is the theme of "The Apple Cart."

Allowing for exaggerations all this will pass as a description of English politics today. But who was it who drew our attention to these features of our political scene? It was not Mr. Shaw; I looked at my programme to make quite sure that "The Apple Cart" had not been written in collaboration with Mr. Belloc. Its points were precisely those at which Mr. Belloc has been hammering for twenty years: the humbug of a modern representative government; the unreality of party conflicts; the poor quality of the men attracted to public life; the helplessness of politicians in the hands of financiers and newspaper proprietors (Mr. Belloc wrote with Cecil Chesterton before the war a book on the danger of Press-Combines); the resulting indifference of the public to politics; the dwindling prestige of the House of Commons; the permeation of public life by indirect corruption; the fact that he who controls the party funds decides the party policy and that those funds are accumulated by means which won't always bear looking into; the Americanization and plutocratizing of old England. A few years ago Mr. Belloc also wrote a book suggesting the same remedy as "The Apple Cart"; strengthen the Crown.

When critics of "Major Barbara" were chattering about Mr. Shaw's debt to Nietzsche, he pointed at once to Samuel Butler, who also was a literary Ishmael; I really think he ought to dedicate this play to Mr. Belloc. Of course, no reproach is intended in pointing out this rather odd accord between two men who have hitherto always met to dispute; but I do object to others, who have for years ignored Mr. Belloc's criticism of political life as the notions of a somewhat bitter and irresponsible crank, hailing them in Mr. Shaw as proofs of startling and novel insight. For my part, though agreeing with reservations to the general diagnosis of both writers, I seem to hear a still, small voice which whispers "Fiddlesticks," when they recommend the Royal Veto as the remedy.

* * *

The skill is great with which the discussions are supported throughout the play by interest in the King as a man. The types are amusing, and though caricatures they are recognizably true. King Magnus, unpretentious, subtle, and selfless, is not only a real human being, but a creation of Mr. Shaw's moral insight which is a much more remarkable gift than his faculty for hitting off types, and is, indeed, the gift which makes him the superb dramatist he is. Greatness of mind is not necessarily imposing or magnetic; it is something which may only gradually dawn upon you. Such are the virtues of King Magnus. A disinterested man of strong intellect and with no *amour propre* will often make others seem children beside him. This is the effect of Magnus on his ministers, who at rare moments, when they too catch the infection of his candor, know themselves dimly to be, comparatively speaking, babies. Of all the characters in the play Proteus, the Prime Minister, is the only one, male or female, who is even remotely capable of taking the measure of the King's diameter. He is a clever study (I thought I recognized in him a hint or two taken from real life.) Proteus is highly intelligent. But, alas, the political game has caught him and forced him to devote his faculties to steering adroitly from moment to moment rather than to seeking a goal. Just as Napoleon learnt to use his naturally bad temper as a diplomatic asset, so does Proteus employ his endowment in the direction of touchy vanity and emotional hysteria to gain time or darken counsel. He is blunt of speech and devious in thought. Magnus is subtle and frank; Proteus crude but not candid.

The interlude is a deft piece of construction. Apparently it has nothing to do with the theme, yet it supplies what is wanted—a background for the action firstly, in the shape of the King's private life—in which he is exactly the same man as in politics, and secondly, in that it typifies that *beau monde* which has turned its back on social questions as drab and petty. Magnus, for a little rest, often visits this world, embodied in his putative mistress, Orinthia, wondering at, and just a little fascinated by, the blooming, gaseous, extravagance of its romantic egotisms. Orinthia is a more corporeal embodiment of the spirit which in "Back to Methuselah" animated the figures of Azymandias and Cleopatra-Semiramis, who die in that play of "discouragement," when brought into the presence of moral beauty and endeavor. Orinthia is not subject to such a test. She is utterly unaware of Magnus, except that since he is a king, he ought to cut a figure on the throne with her beside him. I think perhaps Mr. Shaw went a little too far in showing up Orinthia, for she was so presented that it became difficult to believe that Magnus could like her. The feminine foil to her is his Queen Jemima, a domestic lady, perfectly dignified in what Orinthia would consider a very dull way. Was it quite right, *dramatically*, that Queen Jemima should have been so much more attractive? No.

The richest moment of comedy in the play is when the American ambassador, setting a seal upon what is really a *fait accompli*, suggests, radiant with romantic generosity, that America should return again to the British Empire, a proposal which is equivalent to the python saying to the swallowed rabbit "at last we are one."

Of course "The Apple Cart" has rare merits; that anyone should think less of it, or admire it less than they do, is not my object in writing this article. But I protest against its being put in the forefront of Mr. Shaw's achievements.

A Farewell to Youth

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT. By Robert Graves. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930.

Reviewed by Arnold Whitridge

ONE of the delightful things about autobiography is that the author is invariably in love with his subject. Provided he is honest it is inconceivable that he should be dull, for the dullest fellow cannot look into his heart and write without finding something that is worth recording. "Good-bye to All That" may not quite achieve the uncanny honesty of Mr. Pepys, the most self revealing of all autobiographers, but it suffers little from that instinctive good taste which is to the twentieth century the unpardonable literary sin. After all, intellectual honesty is about the only virtue that has not been swept off its pedestal, and only in the very greatest literature of the world are good taste and intellectual honesty to be found yoked together.

"Good-bye to All That" is Robert Graves's official farewell to his youth. He has decided to unload the accumulated impressions and experiences of thirty-three years and to start life afresh. Graves is one of the many young men whom the war caught on the brink of manhood and forced into poetry. The heroism and the sordidness, the noble self-sacrifice and the utter futility, had to be somehow fused. For the average man humor was the great preservative of sanity, but for the more delicately adjusted natures humor like patriotism was not enough. Since 1918 the heroism and the self-sacrifice have receded into the distance, while the sordidness and the futility have become steadily more obvious. What was to have been a great adventure developed into a nightmare, and naturally enough youth, which was beginning to chafe at the stolid drabness of peace, chafed still more at the drabness, danger, dirt, and discomfort.

The amazing feature of Mr. Graves's war poetry is its utter freedom from either bitterness or exaltation. He is certainly under no illusion about war, but he is, or at least he was when the poems were written, equally free from the savage indignation that has so tortured Siegfried Sassoon. There is no suggestion of that berseker love of fighting that inspired Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle," or of the rather too conscious dedication of himself to sacrifice, that underlies Rupert Brooke's famous sonnet. In the past the horrors of war were mitigated by an unswerving belief in immortality, but in our sceptical age that anodyne has lost its efficacy. Wordsworth's happy warrior, who "makes his moral being his prime care" is strangely out of date. How little would he have understood Graves's poignant little elegy, Goliath and David:

> Loud laughs Goliath, and that laugh
> Can scatter chariots like blown chaff
> To rout; but David, calm and brave,
> Holds his ground, for God will save.
> Steel crosses wood, a flash, and oh!
> Shame for beauty's overthrow!
> (God's eyes are dim. His ears are shut),

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One cruel backhand sabre-cut
"I'm hit! I'm killed!" young David cries,
Throws blindly forward, chokes . . . and dies.
Steel-helmeted and grey and grim
Goliath straddles over him

or his slightly grotesque lament on the dead fox-hunter:

For those who live uprightly and die true
Heaven has no bars or locks,
And serves all taste . . . or what's for him to do
Up there, but hunt the fox?
Angelic choirs? No, Justice must provide
For one who rode straight and in hunting died.

So if Heaven had no Hunt before he came,
Why, it must find one now:
If any shirk and doubt they know the game,
There's one to teach them how:
And the whole host of Seraphim complete
Must jog in scarlet to his opening Meet.

In these lines one may feel the rebellious spirit smoldering beneath the surface, but there is no parade of bitterness.

In the ten years since the Armistice Graves has been moving rather defiantly towards the left. By nature he is a rebel—at school he was always "agin" the government—and three years in the trenches did not increase his respect for authority. He came out of the war wounded and neurasthenic, with a gallant record and an unquenchable passion for poetry. At the present date he has ten volumes of verse to his credit, a Biblical romance about Elisha, a life of Colonel Lawrence, and several highly controversial books on modernist literature. In addition to these activities he has been an unsuccessful shopkeeper, he has won a prize at the Olympic games, he has taught literature at the Egyptian University, and he has been married and separated. We are not surprised that the matrimonial venture proved a failure. Lyric poetry is a notoriously bad breadwinner, and even in a charming old world cottage near Oxford two ardent young radicals need something more than four children and a common contempt for experience to hold them together. But this part of the book, vigorous and entertaining as it is, is only an epilogue to the chapters dealing with the war.

While the civilized world today professes a great contempt for war it cannot resist the temptation to read and write about it. The flood of war reminiscences is still rising. The fascination of physical pain has been capitalized most effectively by the Germans, but every new war book adds its little quota of horror. Robert Graves's vivid narrative lacks the sensitiveness of Edmund Blunden's "Undertones of War," but it presents an accurate picture of the daily drudgery of trench life and the occasional horror of an offensive. He writes incisively in a style refreshingly untainted by affectation, and when he is not too angry there is a Puckish humor about him that is very delightful. Unfortunately the wistfulness which distinguishes his poetry, the awareness of the ever present contrast of beauty and ugliness, idealism and selfishness, is almost entirely lacking in his prose.

Mr. Graves had intended to use his experience as the basis of a war novel, but the matter was too poignant to be subjected to the usual literary window dressing, so he has given us the sheer crude fact out of which the reader can extract his own propaganda. This book differs from others of its kind in that the author is constantly being drawn in two opposite directions. His deep respect for the traditions of his regiment, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, will prevent the book from being entirely satisfying to the pacifist. It is almost as if he were still a soldier at heart in spite of his loathing of war. He has the professional soldier's pride in his own battalion and the proper contempt for the battalions on either side. At the same time he is like Shelley in his burning hatred of every form of injustice and tyranny. It is this quality that lifts the book out of the ordinary ruck of "fearlessly candid" war reminiscences. The author's naive egotism is lost sight of in his persistent championing of unpopular causes. After a gallant war record—Mr. Graves tells us himself that it was gallant, and he is perfectly right—he takes up the cudgels for Bolshevists and conscientious objectors. Apparently the grievances of other people have embittered him even more than his own. In this respect his autobiography seems to us unique. It has none of the quiet insight of his poetry, but there is a truculent honesty about it which exactly suits the taste of the moment. It remains to be seen whether this supremely self-confident poet-soldier-radical will find it quite as easy to obliterate the past as the title "Good-bye to All That" would seem to indicate.

Fifteen Women

A GALLERY OF WOMEN. By THEODORE DREISER. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. 2 vols. $5.

Reviewed by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

MR. DREISER has suffered much from the time and place in which he has lived. He came upon the scene when the genteel literature of pre-Civil War days had degenerated into a malarial sentimentalism. While discredited rebels in the academic world were fighting for a less stagnant atmosphere in learning, Theodore Dreiser led a fight in the open field of letters. He wanted people to see that the American scheme was not exactly what the soporific story books had said. He made some of them see. He made them aware of their environment, which he told them shaped their lives more than all the pleasant theories by which they were supposed to live.

He has done much to change environment in America—in one way or another. Yet his environment, directly or indirectly, has shaped him. All the distorting influences which the innovator usually encounters he encountered; and because of theories of social life which he expressed, he encountered special ones. The gauntlet of unintelligent criticism caused him to suffer much in the eyes of the world. He has suffered in this way because certain ones with minds too small to comprehend more than one sentence at a time have found in him only pruriency. He has suffered quite as much from light-headed young lady protagonists who have gone violently forth in various parts of the country proclaiming for Dreiser and Varietism.

THEODORE DREISER
By Luis Hidalgo

He has often been pictured as an isolated figure working conscientiously on some rocky iminence, utterly without regard for the hurly-burly of an unfriendly and trivial world. It is a pleasant picture. And perhaps he has been as nearly able to do that as most men of his time. But no man can remain uninfluenced by the world about which he writes and to which he speaks. If he does not surrender in some degree, he is certain to become too conscious of his position and keep on battling when there is no enemy in the field.

It would not be amiss if Theodore Dreiser should eventually be remembered as the author of "Twelve Men." These twelve have all sorts of interesting vices and aspirations. The sketches of them give the impression of being precisely what they are supposed to be—records of people who by chance came within the author's penetrating view. The facts and the spirit of the facts—the truth—seem to have been set down in honesty, freedom, and directness. The beloved craftsman Peter, A Doer of the Word, My Brother Paul, The Country Doctor, Culhane the Solid Man, a Mayor and His People, De Maupassant Junior, The Mighty Rourke, "Vanity, Vanity Saith the Preacher," and the rest afford as much variety as one could hope for in one volume. They are vivid and stark. Somehow they seem to tell the story.

Naturally an admirer of this volume would welcome the announcement of "A Gallery of Women." But when he takes up the two volumes devoted to fifteen women, he is forced to conclude that Theodore Dreiser has undergone a change since he wrote "Twelve Men."

Anyone who has seen even a little of the world believes there are all kinds of women in it—all kinds of women with all sorts of preoccupations, just as there are all kinds of men. But a reading of "A Gallery of Women" somehow leaves the impression that Mr. Dreiser believes there is only one kind of woman—the one who is over-troubled with sex. There are a few exceptions—one only in Volume I—but the reader is made to feel that these exceptions were badly off—though they seem to be no worse off in the end than some of the less-repressed. Reina, a pleasantly illiterate barbarian who gravitates to Hollywood and makes hell for a fairly first-rate husband—and for a few others; Olive Brand who came on from the Rockies to New York and "lived a little" while her husband in the West paid the bills—for a time; Ellen Adams Wrynn, a young artist who went from Philadelphia to New York and Paris, sampling the men she chanced to worship; Lucia, a once-repressed boarding-school girl who confessed to the author her earliest—and later—sexual conquests and her sensations at the hymeneal hour; Ernita, who managed to stay with her husband—he was hard to shake—from the Pacific Coast to Siberia only to discover more fully over there how irritating he was, and how fascinating the "untrammeled courtship" of a young engineer; Albertine, who remarked to the man who had given her and her husband an uncontemplated child, that perhaps she would not be disloyal again after her husband's financial reverses, since he seemed "closer, more dependent";—these with Giff, a fortune-teller in tea grounds, make up Volume I.

In Volume II the percentage is not quite maintained. There is a dope fiend; a young girl in Arkansas who ended a young husband's married state and cleared his way to other women; Ernestine, equal to making a reformer divorce his wife in New York, but not so equal to the less restrained competition of Hollywood; Rona Murtha, too orderly to hold a husband; Ida Hauchawout, who had followed the plow and pitched hay for a tyrannou father, rewarded before death in childbirth with year of relative ease, thanks to a good-for-nothin husband; Emanuela the sex-repressed; Esther Norn, wife of an erratic poet, who took up with an oldish man because, she said, she required the "mental lift" he could give her—and who died in a sanitarium; and Bridget Mullanphy, a refreshing, tongue-lashing Irish-woman from the lower West Side.

* * *

Nobody questions the existence of plenty of women who are thus definitely out for blood. But when such an overwhelming number appear in one group, it begins to look less like the chance of observing and more like premeditation. One is not to lose sight of Stendhal's remark that if the writer carries a mirror and it reflects the mud of the road, it is not the mirror's fault. But sometimes a mirror is warped by too much heat, or is wavy, or is written upon in caricature by disrespectful persons with soap, so that the reflection is not adequate. If this is the only kind of women Mr. Dreiser knows, his acquaintance is much more restricted among women than among men. "Twelve Men" seems to tell the story; "A Gallery of Women" does not. It gives the impression that the author is supporting a thesis. And when the reader comes upon a prefatory note which explains that a particular woman among the fifteen was not known to the author, but that the details were provided by a friend, this impression is not diminished, but accentuated. It is accentuated, too, by the author's own occasional self-conscious stepping-aside, as in his account of Olive Brand:

> As to the propriety or worthwhileness of this method, I have this to say. If men and women can enjoy themselves for long in such a whirl, I gather that there must be some natural justification for it. Obviously, Puritanism tends toward the humdrum and the commonplace—the mere breeding of families. And for what? On the other hand, not all men can endure the varietistic woman, any more than all women can endure the varietistic man. And not all can endure humdrum, not even the orderly. Where some are so plainly urged by their own chemisms to spin madly, why not?

In the setting which this Gallery provides, there comes also to be something of overwrought self-awareness in the author's "But hold! Do not despair. I am getting on." . . . "But hearken! Wait! Only see!" and other similar means of maintaining tension.

Individual parts sometimes reveal the author's best power. Where he turns to the hardness of life, to

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the great tragedy that catches those who must work and suffer, as in the case of Ida Hauchawout, he writes with the authentic quality of "Twelve Men."

Two men from the West sat in the Harvard Stadium and listened to a university band from Indiana that was present to bring courage to its friends and consternation to its enemies. When it played the Hoosier state song, one of the men said, "Wouldn't it be a strange irony if the first stanza and chorus of "On the Banks of the Wabash," which Theodore Dreiser was prevailed upon by his brother Paul to write, should outlive all his conscientious labors in prose?" It would be but a slightly greater irony than has overtaken Ben Jonson. It may overtake Theodore Dreiser despite the best he may try to do. But not a few readers will feel that he openly invites such a fate by adding to his published works "A Gallery of Women."

Portrait of a Fighter

IRON MAN. By W. R. Burnett. New York: Dial Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

THERE is a type of novel more common in America than anywhere else at the moment, which has for its principal business the presentation of a single figure, to be portrayed largely by the use of accurate dialogue, against a brilliant, impressionistic background of localized interest. No story or plot is really necessary, what narrative there is being carried on in brief flashes of characterization and description, written in a quick, journalistic style. A popular subject is all that is needed to make such a book extremely attractive to the present day reader, who is unable or unwilling to follow an intricate plot, uninterested in analysis which goes beneath the surface, yet anxious to read something less obvious than a romance or detective thriller in the conventional mode.

Mr. Burnett's new book is this sort of novel executed with more than usual skill, and made exceptionally interesting because of its author's evident knowledge of what he is writing about and enthusiasm for it. Although the prize-fighter has not been by any means neglected as hero in late years, few rivals in the field are of Mr. Burnett's calibre just now; it seems likely that his book will have considerable success.

Yet it is less remarkable because it is good, lively, readable, and true than because its author has cared to go outside his real subject in order to bring into the book something more subtle and difficult to do than the portrait of a fighter brought low by his worthless wife after luck and his manager have made him champion. This thing of value added by Mr. Burnett is the character of Regan, the champion's manager, whose understanding of his charge is so extraordinary, and whose relation to him is so vital to both that they are ruined by the break which the wife produces between them. While both Coke and the woman are fairly conventional characters, —the honest, stupid pugilist incredibly devoted to his pretentious and unfaithful butterfly wife—the Irish manager is a quite special person, created exclusively by Mr. Burnett out of life. Besides this, there are the many fights in the book, magnificently described, if unavoidably a bit repetitious. The dialogue is fittingly matched to the speakers throughout, the final tragedy wholly convincing in its suddenness. Mr. Burnett has written a good novel, and given notice that it is in his power to write a far better one.

Peasants of Italy

ENOUGH OF DREAMS. By Francesco Perri. New York: Brentano's. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

SIGNOR PERRI'S story is a novel of the peasants of Calabria, a people almost incredibly simple, poor, and backward, still at the mercy of natural forces, still oppressed by feudalism. They know nothing of the government at Rome or the factories at Turin; their chief knowledge of the modern world comes from marvelous travelers' tales of America. America is present all through the book, as an enormous, mysterious, capricious power that may give a fortune to the man bold enough to tempt her, or may ruin or kill him. The villagers do not risk the voyage until an unsuccessful revolt and an earthquake have made heroic measures necessary; and when they do the forlorn hope is utterly defeated; one emigrant is killed, another returns to find his wife unfaithful, another is infected with syphilis, which he gives his bride, a disease of which only one of the country folk has ever heard. But it is not America's fault, any more than it is the fault of the fields that they give good crops one year and open underfoot the next: it is the way of the incomprehensible world.

The separate scenes are often poignant, and sometimes powerful; the brief glimpse of the transplanted community and their alien lives is only too short; and the episode of the blinded bride praying for healing from a miraculous madonna at a festival, will bear comparison with the chapter of the thousand Aves in "Maria Chapdelaine." But in the end one is moved less than one feels one ought to be. The characters are too remote, too bovine, without the depth that gains sympathy for Maria Chapdelaine or, say Mr. Masefield's Nan.

The translation is over-exact, sometimes to the point of downright ambiguity, as when for "*'Nu vecchiu fusu di 'na vecchia*" it gives "An old spindle of an old woman," leaving one to wait for the context to determine whether it means "a spindling old woman" or "an old woman's old spindle."

Men of the Old Dominion

THE VIRGINIA PLUTARCH. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Chapel Hill: the University of North Carolina Press. 1929. Two vols. $9.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

THESE two handsome volumes are a unique tribute to a great State. As the mother of eminent men, Virginia holds a place which Massachusetts and New York alone approach and neither quite equals. It is true that in fields of literature and learning Massachusetts bears off the palm; Virginia is poor in poets, novelists, and scientists compared with the State of Boston, Cambridge, and Concord. But in war, politics, and pioneering there is no list equal to that which includes Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Madison, Mason, Monroe, Marshall, Winfield Scott, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Woodrow Wilson. Dr. Bruce, rounding out his long career devoted to historical scholarship, has brought together biographical essays upon all these famous men and a dozen of lesser note. His purpose is not merely, or even chiefly, to furnish a series of critical sketches of detached character. It is rather to demonstrate that a complete and rich segment of American history, running from the earliest colonial days to the present time, could be presented in the lives of well-known Virginians. There is only one important gap—that of the Reconstruction period, when Virginia was barren of great men; except for this, the overlapping lives furnish a continuous narrative of American effort.

Because he aimed at a continuous narrative of deeds, Dr. Bruce has fixed his attention not upon subjective aspects of his various heroes, but upon what they contributed in action to American life. The emphasis upon action gives the book movement, sweep, and variety. It leaves it a little poor in one Plutarchian quality, the presentation of intimate traits of character. It is hardly true, as Dr. Bruce claims, that the subjective element is included in an objective narrative—that with these men "their individualities are sufficiently disclosed in the general current of their biographies." If we compare the author's sketch of J. E. B. Stuart, full of plain facts of his promotions, campaigns, and battles, with Gamaliel Bradford's effort in "Confederate Portraits" to get at the essence of the man, we can see what is missing. But Virginia's men were preëminently men of action, and some of the greatest, like Washington and Lee, revealed very little of their inner life to anyone; so that Dr. Bruce's method is not inappropriate. In the whole list there is just one man of letters, Poe, who was not a Virginian in either his birth or death; there are just two scientists, Maury and Dr. Walter Reed. The rest are lawgivers, soldiers, statesmen, or explorers.

In any such collection the sketches must be of uneven merit. Dr. Bruce is at his best in dealing not with his greatest men, nor with his least, but with those of middle rank. After all, nobody can treat Washington adequately in thirty-five pages, and Dr. Bruce's portrait is a little stiffer than those familiar with the recent biographies would expect. His picture of Lee is also cold and formal, bringing out the great talents of the general rather than the fine qualities of the man. As for Woodrow Wilson, the author seems strangely lacking in sympathy with him, and points out his faults with more emphasis than the virtues which immortalized him. Some of the minor figures—Powhatan, Sir George Yeardley, Sir Francis Nicholson—are but shadows lost in the far past of Virginia history, and it is impossible now to make them start and live, or seem important to our twentieth century world. These colonial governors, too, were Englishmen rather than Virginians; Sir Thomas Dale, who receives a chapter, was in Virginia but five years (1611-1616) out of a fairly long and very busy life.

But when he deals with Nathaniel Bacon, the rebel, or Sir William Byrd, or Patrick Henry, or George Mason of Gunston Hall, or General Daniel Morgan, or Commodore Maury, or Dr. Walter Reed, the author writes with gusto, color, and freshness. In all these men there were salient and picturesque qualities. Byrd, for example, a London man of the world set down in the backwoods, a lover of the frontier, and a wonderfully clear-eyed observer of its humors and crudities; Daniel Morgan, who began his life in dissipation and ended as a gallant fighter; and gout-ridden old George Mason, lover of his library and his ease, who through sheer inertia accomplished so much less than his abilities promised—these are rendered in a graphic way. There is nowhere a better brief essay than that on Bacon, for no one is better steeped than Dr. Bruce in the social and economic background of Bacon's revolt. Now and then it can be objected that Dr. Bruce is too favorable to his subjects, as when he vigorously defends the administration of that littlest of Presidents, John Tyler. But it is pleasant to respond to the enthusiasm with which he writes of men who really deserve it; for example, Dr. Walter Reed. He writes of Reed's Arizona service:

> He was not satisfied to confine his professional ministrations to the soldiers belonging to the garrison of the fort where he happened to be stationed for the time being. The people in all the surrounding sparsely settled country were his patients; and he allowed no obstacle to stand in the way of his giving them the benefit of his knowledge and skill, whenever they were in need of his services. For instance, he was often seen to disregard the fact that he himself was suffering with fever when called upon to ride a long distance in order to afford relief at a pioneer bedside. The poorer the sufferer, the more eager was Reed to extend his professional aid. It has been said of him that throughout his later professional life he never lost his impression of his practice among the indigent population of New York City; and that his recollection of the suffering which he had observed there made him, wherever he was posted, more sensitive to the claims of sickness among the same impoverished class, whether in the purlieus of towns or in the barren lands of the western territories. It was noticed in Arizona that the Indians who lived in the vicinity of Forts Lowell and Apache frequently came to consult him about their maladies, in spite of the hostile moods which they so often exhibited towards the garrisons.

It is an interesting and measurably impressive panorama which Dr. Bruce has spread before us. The reader, as he finishes it, will find himself wondering why it was that Virginia proved so prolific of these energetic and far-sighted men of action. She not only kept great men in her own service; she furnished Henry Clay to Kentucky, and Sam Houston to Texas, and George Rogers Clark to the Northwest. Does the explanation lie in the sterling qualities of the homogeneous stock which she drew from England and Scotland, or in some features of her highly individual social life, or in the commanding position of the State with reference to the West and South? Whatever it is, the Old Dominion has a proud record.

Four thousand volumes on food, cookery, and allied subjects have recently been presented to the New York Academy of Medicine by Dr. Margaret Barclay Wilson. The most important item among them is a nine century manuscript of a collection of recipes made after Greek originals.

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Scientific Journalism

MAN AND HIS WORLD: NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY ESSAYS IN CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT. Edited by BAKER BROWNELL. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. 12 volumes. $1.75 each.

Reviewed by JOHN HERMAN RANDALL, JR.

MANY doctors have prescribed a cure for the rash of "Outlines of Human Knowledge" and "Stories of Everything" with which publishers' announcements are currently afflicted. The humanization of knowledge, if possible, is surely a laudable enterprise. Civilization may indeed meet its often prophesied doom if college graduates, garment-workers, and intelligent women remain in their present ignorance of the wisdom of the expert. In any event, skilful publicity has aroused their thirst for reading of some kind, and it might as well be directed to selling good books as bad. Let the experts themselves, therefore, come together to collaborate upon really informed surveys, in the hope that Gresham's law does not apply to the literature of popular education. The same remedy has been often advised for those courses of general intellectual orientation which harassed college faculties have installed to waken lethargic freshmen. From facile outliners and struggling instructors, the cry has gone forth, Good Lord, deliver us! Let us have experts in coöperation!

Baker Brownell, who elucidates the mazes of contemporary thought at Northwestern University, and has already published an interesting attempt at an emotional appreciation of the modern world in "The New Universe," has for some years invited various men of learning to address his classes. He has now arranged their lectures in accordance with the scheme of his course and book, and published them in twelve slight volumes of about 175 brief pages each, with rather pretentious titles and format. He is not quite sure what his series has accomplished. It aims, he thinks, "first, to integrate somewhat the uncoördinated content of man's intellectual universe; second, to find the modern theme—or themes—and its development in his varied interests." It tries "to present in language for the general reader the frontier problems of the various fields of modern thought." At any rate, "the result reveals a modern world in which divers kinds of interest and living converge into the modern complex of reality." In this last description, Mr. Brownell is right: it does.

"Man and His World" is a fairly typical product of such collaboration. It avoids many of the crude mistakes into which the popular outliner is prone to fall; but on the whole it awakens new respect for his function and achievement. A single writer, even though he must rely for his facts upon the compilations of others, can succeed in coördinating a field of knowledge and conveying a unified impression of its problems where a group of experts must fail. To be sure, the majority of these fifty-eight contributors are neither outstanding experts nor brilliant writers: they are mostly competent teachers in Chicago and Northwestern Universities, or leaders in the various vocations who happened to be available in Chicago. And in his prefaces, prologue, and epilogue, Mr. Brownell is more lyric than illuminating when he tries to tie the essays together. Still, the collaborators turn out what men usually do on such an occasion, a group of essays some of which are informing, some stimulating and suggestive, and some neither. There is no similarity in aim, temper, or treatment; there is only a group of heterogeneous essays. Some of the lecturers chose to give an elementary survey of a definite field; more of them elected to ride their pet hobbies, and propound interesting speculations growing out of their work; still more undertook criticism and interpretation from a rather personal angle. The result is a somewhat diluted blend of books like the Chicago University "Nature of the World and of Man" and Beard's "Whither Mankind," without the distinction of either: glimpses of the wonders of science, and discussions of the dangers to civilization. There is no coördinated picture of modern thought; there is journalism of respectable competence.

Part of the difficulty lies in the editor's scheme. There is one volume on natural science, one on psychology, one on anthropology, three on social problems, three on the arts, one on religion, and two volumes of general essays. Those on psychology, on anthropology, and, in particular on the arts are distinctly the best, both in organization and content. The treatment of economic conditions is by far the worst. One suspects that Mr. Brownell did not feel free to encourage lectures on such dangerous and controversial themes. Instead he includes eulogies of modern technology, machinery, and business. To be sure, Stuart Chase dissents on the plight of the consumer, George Soule pleads for a pragmatic program of factual investigation, and E. D. Howard combines a realistic analysis of the trends of industrial organization with a program of self-government for industry. But F. S. Deibler dusts off once more all the traditional theoretical defenses of "our economic system," Ellsworth Huntington praises our civilization for producing urban slums and rural poverty, and President W. D. Scott argues that "in America (industrial) power is possessed by the many and used for the benefit of all." Such opinions are certainly contemporary, but hardly thought.

From the standpoint of an organized survey, the natural sciences, too, come off badly. Although, significantly enough, in the essays themselves, with one exception, the idea of evolution as an explanatory concept is relegated to the museum shelves, in their arrangement the traditional evolutionary plan of starting with the birth of the universe and bringing life and man into it is still followed. As a result, though Mr. Brownell repeatedly insists on the "objectivity" of natural science as contrasted with the field of human institutions, it is the scientific essays that are hypothetical and subjective, and the others that are objective and factual. W. D. Macmillan indulges in brilliant but highly speculative theorizing as to the history of the cosmos, Irving S. Cutter guesses as to how life might have originated, and A. H. Clark offers a novel and personal theory of limited animal evolution. The vitality of this H. G. Wells sort of thing in surveys of science is amazing; one wonders what notion of the meaning of careful scientific investigation the unsophisticated reader gains from such imaginative surmises. To introduce science only to romance about the things of which it knows least is to try to outdo Genesis by the brilliance of a new mythology. Perhaps some day such a survey will have the courage to begin, not with the unknown beginning, but with what we know something about, the present course of nature.

Moreover, having dragged the scientist from his facts and verifications to speculate on cosmic origins, Mr. Brownell curiously omits all historical consideration of the field where available knowledge of the past is really illuminating, that of social institutions. In a single essay Ferdinand Schevill attempts the futile task of interpreting the whole course of political history. Otherwise there is only the most incidental reference to the fact that man's world has a temporal dimension, and surprisingly little appreciation of its present markedly transitional state. The growth of industry is suggested only in its technological aspects; its impingement upon the older forms of our civilization, as well as the revolutionary impact of scientific thinking upon action and belief, is present only by implication. Mr. Brownell's scheme does not permit the reader to face the rapid flux of social institutions, nor to essay their present problems in the light of such cultural revolution.

Within the limits of such an outline, however, many of the contributors manage to be both wise and provocative; the very freedom to develop the ideas that lie closest to their hearts invests most of their words with a sustained interest. The writers on "Mind and Society" really do touch the "modern theme." Freud and the Gestaltists are brilliantly treated by George Humphrey and Joseph Jastrow. C. J. Herrick and E. A. Burtt deal lucidly with the modern reconciliation of mechanism and mental behavior, the one as a neurologist, the other as a philosopher. F. H. Allport sets the theme that runs through the discussion of social problems: only a genuine science of human nature can attain the objectivity and insight necessary for an intelligent control of the new energies of man. In "Making Mankind" Clark Wissler, F. Cooper-Cole, and M. J. Herskovits deal critically with primitive society, without, however, drawing any implications for our own.

Certain non-economic problems of civilization are sanely analyzed. A. R. Hatton does not despair of urban politics, and sees a genuine hope in the council-manager plan of government. T. D. Eliot escapes both alarmism and bigotry in presenting the case for birth-control. Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Suzanne La Follette sturdily defend the modern woman, and assure us that the end of her revolt is not yet. Jean Toomer writes with admirable forbearance and keen psychological insight upon the whites and blacks. And Alvin Johnson gives the shrewdest analysis yet presented of the break-down of traditional life-patterns and disciplines among the young. "For the first time in history, the adolescent population is developing a general public opinion of its own, standards of conduct of its own, based on its own limited experience of life." It is primarily the school that has torn the child from the home, without giving him any adequate substitute for domestic discipline; nor can training for mass-production supply the needed stabilization of character. Everything conspires to rob youth of the capacity to form long-term plans and the resolution to carry them out.

The essays on the arts attain the highest level of the series. Lawrence Martin colorfully assays the common man's enjoyments; Clarence Darrow makes Omar live vividly as the epitome of universal experience. C. J. Bulliet accomplishes the impossible by really explaining in words the aims and techniques of modern painting. Modern tendencies in music and the dance are thoughtfully analyzed; there is a comprehensive survey of modern poetry in all languages. Robert Morss Lovett maintains that literature has freed itself of the Victorian problem, "Is life worth living?" and is realistically and pragmatically exploring its possible values. Llewelyn Jones and Charles Johnston somewhat less successfully attack the central problems of esthetics in terms of the theory of philosophic idealism.

Religious problems are treated by an anthropologist and four theologians. The former, Edward Sapir, displays the subordinate place of belief in the religious life; belief is in fact a scientific rather than a religious concept. He denies the existence of any specifically religious emotion, and distinguishes between religions of individual behavior and of collective symbol and ritual. Shailer Matthews approaches religion humanistically, sees in it a technique for establishing personal relations with cosmic forces, and in its success reads the implication that what has produced personality can itself be properly personified as God. E. F. Tittle, Rufus M. Jones, and Bishop McConnell bend idealistic philosophy to the service of an apologetic liberal religion.

There are two outstanding philosophic essays. D. T. Howard analyzes the changed conception of science, largely in terms of Peirce and Whitehead. And E. R. Slosson, in "The Democracy of Knowledge," a plea for scientific journalism, persuasively proclaims the philosophy on which Mr. Brownell's whole enterprise is based. Intellectual middlemen must employ all the arts of skilful writing to convey an appreciation of the value of science as a guide in personal and political affairs. They cannot make scientists, for scientists do not "read" science, they make it. But they can teach respect for the experimental processes by which scientific principles are established, the ability to distinguish the man who knows from the man who pretends to know, and something of the scientific temper of mind. They can persuade men to value science by displaying its influence in the life and thought of the world. "The popularization of science does not mean falsification, but its translation from technical terms into ordinary language. Popular science need not be incorrect, but has to be somewhat indefinite. It differs from the exact sciences by being inexact. Popular science may be defined as science in round numbers." The average educated man today, Slosson rightly points out, knows and cares less about the world in which he lives than did the educated man of the Huxley era. "Man and His World," within the limits of its scheme and method, does make a beginning at correcting this disastrous state of affairs. It is scientific journalism for the average man, offering bait tempting enough to attract him and sustain his interest, and ideas provocative enough to drive him to thought.

Recent Discoveries

SONNETS. By GEORGE HENRY BOKER. Edited by EDWARD SCULLEY BRADLEY. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1929. $2.

NYDIA. A Tragic Play. By GEORGE HENRY BOKER. Edited by EDWARD SCULLEY BRADLEY. The same.

Reviewed by HARRY HAYDEN CLARK

University of Wisconsin

IT is unfortunate that the "barbaric yawp" of Whitman and the insurgent realists of the latter part of the nineteenth century should have drowned the delicate, finely-modulated tones of such a figure as George Henry Boker, the author of "Francesca da Rimini," our greatest romantic tragedy. Among the major contributions to American literature this year we must note the publication for the first time of Boker's "Nydia," a tragedy discovered by Professor Quinn, and his sequence of three hundred and thirteen sonnets just discovered by Professor Bradley "in a cupboard in the house of the daughter-in-law of the poet." This is a discovery which makes Boker the peer of Longfellow as a master of the sonnet.

Those who prize the union of intensity of emotion and perfection of form will prize the sonnets of this beautifully-bound little volume. In an admirable introduction Professor Bradley divides this "Sequence on Profane Love" into three groups, corresponding to three well-marked periods in the poet's life. The first group of 282 sonnets appears to have been inspired by Boker's devotion from 1857 to 1872 to a married woman of Philadelphia; the second group of 13 by a Parisienne in 1877; and the third, of 17, by another Philadelphian about 1881. The sedate diplomat and social leader planned to leave the sequence to his friend Taylor—"to be edited by you with baudy notes, and illustrations to match!" No doubt the Freudians will be interested in Professor Bradley's theory that this illicit love creatively determined Boker's life work as an artist: "The passion and insight of these sonnets reveal the heart of the poet himself as the source of that fire which consumed his Alda, flamed to a splendid holocaust in the death of Francesca and Paolo, or became a quiet but perpetual altar-flame in the heart of Nydia."

"Nydia," a dramatization of the central situation of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," deals with the hopeless love of the beautiful blind slave, Nydia, for the Patrician Glaucus. It appears that the play was written in 1885 for Lawrence Barrett, who modestly rejected it because his part (that of Glaucus) was not as important as that of Nydia. The spectacular orgy in the splendid hall of the villain-priest's palace would interest Mr. Ziegfeld! Boker's notes are enjoyable, especially the one to Barrett on the death of Glaucus:

> I have got into such a habit of killing my heroes that I would far rather kill you than let you escape with a speech. But the d...d plot will not let you die gracefully and according to my wish; so you must make the best of the words with which I have provided you,—a poor apology for living.

On the whole, the play is by no means ineffective. Professor Bradley calls it "one of the finest examples of the author's dramatic blank verse and one of the best plays in the history of American literature."

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The Press of Two Nations

OF all complaints uttered by itinerant Americans over in England in regard to the differences that they find between England and say, Pennsylvania or Oklahoma, none is so frequent as that against the press. The Americans, missing the accustomed anodyne of their home paper, their daily hypodermic of "news," and a bit lonely and homesick, raise their voices in damning the foreign press, although they usually end their more or less embittered comment on the British press with "of course it is not as bad as on the Continent. That is *impossible!*"

The antipodes of journalistic tastes and practices are clearly American and Continental, not American and British. The fact is that England is not a part of Europe, and the Straits of Dover divide it from the Continent not only geographically but politically and intellectually. One finds no such change in passing from Paris to Vienna, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, or Stockholm as one does in passing from any Continental city to London. It is a different world, though bound to the Continental one by a thousand ties. There is also a tremendous gulf widening between life and outlook in Great Britain and in the United States despite Americanization in some directions here. The president of the American Chamber of Commerce in London said last week, on returning from the States, that he is more and more impressed on each visit with the very rapidly growing difference, a difference that I have myself frequently pointed to in recent years.

The press is a function of national life and thought everywhere. It is obvious that if it is to fulfil its function it cannot be uniform if the national characteristics vary. That is the first point to be firmly grasped. The press of any country must fit the needs of the people of that country, not those of wandering foreigners. The New York *Herald Tribune* is not edited with any reference to a stray reader from Prague or Naples. Neither are European papers edited for Americans. That is a point that is constantly, if somewhat naïvely, lost to sight.

England occupies in many ways a middle position between the Continent and America, and it will help us a little in studying the British press to look for a moment at that across the Channel. For our purpose we need glance only at the daily papers. In spite of minor differences the general character of the daily press is remarkably uniform throughout all Continental countries, differing markedly from one another as they do in so many other particulars. Within the past few months, work or play has taken me to France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, and I have found the same type of daily newspaper everywhere. On my study table at the moment there happen to be the *Neue Freie Presse* and *Neues Wiener Journal* from Vienna, the *Corriere della Sera* from Milan, the *Journal de Genève* from Geneva, the *Gazette de Lausanne* from Lausanne, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and *Berliner Tageblatt* from Germany, and *Le Temps* from Paris. Any other group would do equally well for study of Continental characteristics.

All these papers are marked by an absence of what Americans would call "news" and advertisements, the latter being mostly confined to small type and a few lines each, much like our "want ads" in a daily. There is always a short story or two, a good deal about art and literature, the more important financial news (for a European), some local news, usually a good many foreign despatches, and some serious articles commenting on such news or on important topics of the day. To an American it is all quite maddening. These journals do, however, suit the Continental mind perfectly, and even a foreigner can in time come to prefer in some respects *Le Temps* of Paris to the *Times* of New York. They are utterly different and it depends on how one's mind works. The Frenchman cares far less about the news itself, be it murder or the fall of a foreign cabinet, than he does for the philosophical implications of the news. Intelligent comment is much more important for him than accumulation of detail of fact. He prefers the interpreter to the reporter. He tries to consider his world as would an intellectual being, not as an entranced moron watching the world on the silver screen. When he buys a paper he does not wish to buy a vast mass of irrelevant facts but a play of mind. Hence he looks for his *feuilleton*, a distinctly literary essay touching on some aspect of life, his serious art comment, and his well-written comment on the news which, in itself, he finds in brief paragraphs only. He has *his* way of reacting to life; the American has his. The American should recall this when, frequently struggling with the language, he tosses aside the four to ten pages of a Continental newspaper with the remark that there "is no news in it."

Let us now cross the Channel, where we at once note two points with regard to the daily press. With a few exceptions, like the excellent *Manchester Guardian*, the English provincial press is negligible. The reason is obvious. England is a very small country and there is not a large city, scarcely a town, in it five hours from London. The London press, therefore, circulates everywhere as easily as the New York papers do within a radius of a couple of hundred miles from New York. In America, cities like Denver or San Francisco, days from New York, cannot be compared journalistically with cities here like Birmingham or Liverpool, two and four hours from London.

The other point that at once strikes an American is that, even in London, there is no evening paper in the American sense. There are, indeed, the *Evening Standard*, generally considered the best by conservative people, *The Evening News* and the *Star*, but they are all small sheets, literally, and contain comparatively little news with a good deal of gossip, home pages, and the like. One gets them only to see whether anything of startling importance has happened and then turns to something else. Owing to the difference in time, the New York Stock Exchange not closing until eight o'clock London time, the traveling American cannot spend his evening studying "what the market has done." If there is reason for the lack of a provincial press, there is also reason for the lack of what an American would call "a decent evening paper." That reason was succinctly put to me the other night at dinner. I asked the man I was dining with, a high official in the government service, why London did not have a real evening paper comparable with the *Times* here in the morning, as America has. He looked surprised for a moment and then said: "Now you speak of it, I do not suppose we have, but it never occurred to me before." Then on further thought, he added, "I would not like it if we did. I have to read the news in the morning and think about it. I do my work all day. At night, of course, I want to know the world has not blown up, that as the town crier used to call it is 'eight o'clock and all's well,' but I don't want to spend my evening over a newspaper. I want to forget the world and play with my kiddies, talk to my wife, have some social recreation, or read a good book." This feeling, and it is a very civilized one, I find very common here.

So we turn to the London morning papers. Let us first consider one sore point with Americans. Recently an American historian went home and wrote that he could not find in the six papers he bought on the way from London to Southampton to take to his steamer as much American news as he would have found of English news in any one single paper published in New York. Of course, a good deal may depend on the day chosen for comparison, but is this true?

Let us look at this morning's papers as they come to my breakfast table in my flat in London. First, there is the *Financial News*. It consists regularly of fourteen pages. There is a half-column article on the plans to speed up American trade, a cable from Washington; a column on the Anglo-American oil deal; a half-column article on ship building in the United States, and the whole of page five is always devoted to the United States and is exceptionally good. Three hundred and seventy-five New York stocks are regularly quoted and eighty bonds, as well as fifty Montreal stocks. There are always about four columns devoted to a careful analysis, which through all this troubled period, has been very accurate, of American stock market and business conditions. On the editorial page today, the leading editorial is on United States Foreign Trade. The rest of the thirteen pages of text (there is only one of advertising) have to deal with (today) Canada, Nigeria, India, Belgium, South America, New Zealand, France, South Africa, Mexico, Japan, Liberia, Labuan, Dutch East Indies, Sweden, New South Wales, Sweden, Germany, and Scotland. In addition the leading stocks on the Bourses of Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Milan, Vienna, Brussels, and Amsterdam are quoted. It must be recalled that English investments as well as English business are world-wide whereas Americans deal only on the local American exchanges. If, however, an American cannot be content to have 375 stocks and 80 bonds quoted daily for him by cable here, he is hard to please, and the comment on finance has been far better than anything I have found in my New York papers which look at the daily transactions instead of the long-range viewpoints.

WHAT have the other papers got this morning on America? The *Times* has its usual two columns on American finance and business; a full column on the situation in the Philippines; a quarter column on harbor improvement at New York; an editorial on Mr. Kellogg; the *Morning Post* has a column on American finance quoting fifty stocks, twelve bonds, and twenty-nine rates of exchange, three cables from America dealing with Hoover's White House conference and other news; the *Daily Mail* quotes, as usual three hundred and five American stocks and has a little cabled news on other topics; the *Daily Express* devotes its leading editorial to America and has the usual financial news with a cable or two of other; the *Manchester Guardian* has an editorial on America, several American cables, and a column and a half on American business.

Now let us turn to the New York *Herald Tribune* which comes this same day. It has about a column on Britain and the Naval Parley; and a half column on the Dole Bill now in Parliament. Although it devotes eight pages to finance it has a half column on English, quoting about thirty stocks. The New York *Times* is in a class by itself as a news-gatherer, yet it has today a little less than a half column on "London cheered by Wall Street Gains"; two-thirds of a column on London's reaction to Hoover's proposal; a half column on the Dole; a few lines on England's having recognized the new King of Afghanistan; and in nine financial pages less than half a column for England. Even granted the preëminent position of the New York *Times* in the entire newspaper field of the world, it may well be asked whether the average American traveller is worse off for news of his country in England than an Englishman would be for news of his in New York. It must be remembered that for a citizen of any country, a few cables in a foreign paper can give at best a wholly inadequate impression of what is going on in the complex life he knows so well. We Americans must also remember that, for the citizen of any other country, American news, simply as American, has no importance. It acquires importance only when it affects the general world structure and balance, and in that regard a sudden shift in a Balkan cabinet that leaves the gentleman from Wenosha, Mich., completely cold may be more important than an item that would properly get a triple column heading in big type at home.

A man trying to keep up with the news of the world would have found in the New York *Herald Tribune* on the day in question, three quarters of a column on the release of an American woman milliner from a charge of murder in Mexico; a half column despatch on the "United States of Europe" from Paris; a few short cables on the Mexican election; and a twenty-five line cable from Paris about Mme. Curie's impressions of her American trip. In the London *Times* there are articles on the difficulties over the union of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, with a map; one on the unrest in South Africa; one on the Palestine difficulties; one on the Manchurian war; a seriously reasoned one on political parties in Austria; as well as cables from Russia and elsewhere. The *Morning Post* has a good article on the Russo-Chinese military troubles, with map; one on Australian financial policy; one

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by James Truslow Adams

on Egypt; two on France; and so on. In addition, it must be remembered that I can get papers from many of the leading European capitals here on the day they are published, as they are brought by aeroplane. I get, for example, the Paris papers here at luncheon time. From Madrid, Rome, Athens, Bucharest, Vienna, Berlin, Amsterdam, Stockholm,—they are all to be had here a few hours late, for those who can read them.

For the most part the papers here are smaller than in America. The *Times* leads with thirty-two pages; the *Guardian* next with twenty-four; then come the *Express*, *Mail*, and *Post* with twenty each, comparing with thirty-two for the *Herald Tribune* and forty to sixty in the *New York Times*. Advertising, however, takes up much less space in the English papers, and contributes much less to their support. The Sunday editions differ little from the daily and such a journal as the *Times* has no Sunday edition at all. The reason for this is probably the same as that which makes an evening paper unpopular and unnecessary. People do not care to waste their holiday reading a newspaper.

One American newspaper man who was here this summer complained to me of the absurd way, as he thought, that headings were printed in the *Times*, and expatiated on the merits of a dozen different sizes of type for headings over articles of varying importance. As a matter of fact, the *Times* does vary the size of type, though less than is the American practice and never indulges in anything approaching the startling headings at home that may indicate anything from a home run by the Babe to the invasion of Germany by Russia. I can only say that personally I can find what I want better in the English than in the American *Times*. It must not be forgotten that the importance of a news item varies with the reader as well as intrinsically, and a scientific discovery may even be more important in the eyes of some than a murder. Moreover, keeping the whole scale down, I have found, tends to keep the mind calmer. The big headlines in an American paper produce a certain excitement in the reader, induce him to look for the exciting items and rather dull his appetite for the others. Of course the American practice is being more and more favored by the more sensational English papers which look to the mob and mass circulation, but I fail to see that it is an improvement. Since the advance of democracy and universal literacy, there are everywhere two publics, the intelligent or moderately so, and the moronic mob, the two sorts of people who read respectively the New York *Times* and the tabloids. In this article I am not dealing with the sub-intellectual classes and their organs of the press. I am dealing only with the moderately intelligent.

In Europe and England this class, as I have pointed out, cares rather more for interpretation of the news than merely for the news itself. In America it is notorious and a matter for no slight complaint that the newspapers have largely ceased to interpret news or to lead public opinion other than by presentation of the news. Of course this does not mean impartiality. The editor, not seldom in accordance with the policy laid down by the business magnate who owns the paper or a string of twenty of them, selects, presents, and emphasizes new items in such a way as to create a definite impression. Such propaganda is at once more subtle and more misleading than frank editorial expression.

Over here, intelligent readers like intelligent comment, and this may account for the vogue of the weekly. In America the Sunday edition has largely superseded the weekly magazine, but the whole of a Sunday newspaper,—its news sections, its magazine section, its huge advertisements, its book review section, and all the rest of its hundred and odd pages,—is addressed to a mass circulation public. It tries to hit all kinds of people at once. Here the Sunday paper in its American form is unknown but the weekly magazine flourishes, or perhaps I should say, abounds. We have at home, of course, the *Saturday Review of Literature* and I would not belittle the importance of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, but considering our population of a hundred and twenty million people, it is evident that the weekly does not appeal to us as does the Sunday paper. On the other hand, here we have such illustrated ones as the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, the *Sphere*, the *Tatler*, and several more of that type; and there are the political and literary weeklies such as *The New Statesman*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Nation*, *The Spectator*, the extraordinarily good *Literary Supplement* of the *Times* published as a separate magazine at three pence, and many others. In these the Englishman can get more carefully considered comment on news than in a daily paper, less "written down" to a large and indiscriminate public than in the American Sunday paper, and he prefers them to either. We may note that in these this week the *Statesman* leads off in its weekly comment with an American item; the *Saturday Review* has several paragraphs in it on Hoover's plans; the first page and a half in the *Spectator* are on American affairs and there is a leading article by Lord Robert Cecil on "Anglo-American Relations"; and the *Times Literary Supplement*, an unusually large issue, has five columns on books by or on Americans.

When we advance to the monthlies we also find a great difference between those here and those at home. It is the difference between the introvert and the extrovert. America at present is interested almost solely in itself at this precise moment. When I suggested to one of the largest publishers of popular magazines in the States that I do an article I had in mind on England, the reply was that he would be glad to have an article by me but it must be on an American topic, as their public was not interested in anything outside the United States of America. The editor of one of America's best monthlies told me that although he occasionally published an article dealing with a foreign country, there was no reaction to it from his readers and the pages might as well have been left blank as far as circulation was concerned. Let us now turn to the English.

FIRST, how about the complaint of Americans that the English do not publish news or articles on America? We have seen that it was not justified as to the daily press. How about the monthly? The latest numbers of a half dozen are on my table. In *The Contemporary Review* I find the leading article is on "The British Empire and the United States"; in *The Nineteenth Century* the first three articles, two by Englishmen and one by an American, deal with "Anglo-American Relations and Sea Power"; in *The Realist* is one on "Anglo-Saxon Comity"; in *The National Review* there is one on "The Two Uncle Sams"; in *The English Review* the leading place on the first pages of "Current Comment" is given to America and Anglo-American relations; and the same is true of the *Empire Review*. Have we ever had *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic*, the *Forum*, and our other leading magazines all running at once articles of comment on England and Anglo-American relations?

What of the rest of their contents? The chief contrast with American magazines is that there is scarcely any national introspection evident. The English are at present deeply concerned over and interested in their own problems of post-war readjustment but they are also interested in the rest of the world. The space of this article does not permit an analysis of the articles but we can indicate their scope by listing some of the titles of the principal ones in one issue of the above magazines: "Prince Bülow," "Middle East Mandates," "Sonnino and His Foreign Policy," "The End of the Rhine Army," "Catholicism and Toleration," "Criminal Procedure Reform," "Viscount Milner," "International Bank Credit," "China and Exterritoriality," "To Commerce via the University," "The Agricultural Situation," "Notes from Paris," "Economic Education of the British People," "The Australian Labor Party," "Arab and Jew in Palestine."

The American magazine reading public would undoubtedly vote this a dull list of contents and I can warn them that it takes more concentrated power of mind to read English than American magazines. They are written for people who will think, not for those who must have their mental food predigested. Both groups of magazines derive from the national traits of their readers. The American at present is completely absorbed in himself. Like an eastern fakir he sits and contemplates his own navel. The Englishman does not like that sort of thing and is, as he has to be, interested in the world about him. I do not mean, of course, that all the English reading public lives on the above group of magazines and similar ones. The English have their counterpart for everything we have from *Good Housekeeping* down to *Wild West Stories* and far below, but I am not concerned with these at the moment, for the new literate mob is much alike everywhere. They have their own standardized magazines and movies from San Francisco to Moscow.

SPEAKING in general of the better class journalism I would say that America excels in simple news gathering of all sorts. No European paper would dream of spending, as an American one is said to have done, a million and a half in one year on reporting stunt aviation events. On the other hand, has not this indiscriminate reporting of news done much to lower the mentality of the readers? Does not the incessant reading of "news," regardless of whether it is a murder, a robbery, a war, the fall of a nation, or review of a book (which an American paper told me I must consider solely as "news" in writing about it), tend to make the same sort of mind as the picture tabloids or the movies? At any rate, the European and the Englishman think so. They prefer a review of an important book a month late rather than a hasty and bad one the day the book comes out, and they prefer a minimum of detail in the news with a maximum of intelligent comment on it. A mere fact is nothing. Its only value is in its implications and relations. That the American business man, accustomed to his daily fare at breakfast and dinner of the huge American papers filled with "news" should consider European journalism hopelessly out of date, is inevitable. That American journalism is better in itself than that on this side of the water cannot, however, be claimed. Each serves different publics with different minds. That by reading American journals of all the sorts that one would find on the newsstands for a month one would learn far less of what is going on in the world at large than by doing the same thing over here is, I believe, incontestable. That American journalism pays more attention to England than English does to America is, I believe, simply not so. I think also that the best English journalism, especially in the daily press, is more concerned with the genuinely important and far less with the trivial and the criminal than American.

On the other hand, it may well be claimed that British journalism is a bit in a rut. In the monthly magazines one knows pretty well what one is going to find, just as he does in the American. The sort of articles in each of them is quite different but in each case it has become too stereotyped. The outlook in the English ones, however, is wider, and if the American magazines stimulate the mind more, the English strengthen it more. The American mind prefers stimulation, in accordance with the entire American temperament. The English mistrust it. The same is true of the dailies. The New York *Times* is more exciting than the London one, but I am inclined to believe that if one should read each through carefully for a week, he would increase his ability to think more from the latter than the former. Everything more or less holds together in a given type of civilization, and in our newspapers, as in our schools and universities, we stress the accumulation of "facts" ("news"), even though they be trivial, unrelated, and wholly irrelevant to any considered outlook on the world in which we live. Over here, in both education and journalism, they prefer fewer facts but important and relevant ones, the basis for a coherent view of the world and a system of thought. I am, let me emphasize again, speaking of the best and not of the lower portions subject to mass pressure. In a word neither continental, English, nor American journalism can be measured by some independent yardstick of transcendental journalistic excellence. Each is, and must be, closely related to the national mind which it serves. So related, I do not think that journalism on this side of the water would appear quite so inadequate as summer tourists from America so often and so petulantly find it.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AS we are going abroad, in fact shall probably be gone by the time you read this, this department will be discontinued until our return. We have not done all we wished to with it as yet. The flood of volumes of poetry is pretty steady, and we have found it taxing to swim upstream. Nevertheless, we have had a good time, and we hope that once in a while, at least, we may have interested you.

Something that has interested us recently is Edith Sitwell's exposition of modern experimentation in poetry in a volume issued by the Oxford University Press entitled "Tradition and Experiment in Present-Day Literature," consisting of addresses delivered at the City Literary Institute in London. Edmund Blunden does the article on "Tradition in Poetry," an article that Seward Collins recently printed in the *Bookman* over here.

Miss Sitwell can strike off a very amusing remark at times. For instance, she says: "Then there was Mr. Lawrence's hairy, or Jaeger, school of verse," and refers to "Matthew Arnold with his chilblained, mittened musings." She quotes herself and one of her brothers and Marianne Moore to prove several of her points, and we join with her in her praise of the verse of the late Wilfred Owen. She also calls Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears" "one of the loveliest short lyrics in the English language."

To us, Miss Sitwell represents somewhat the same thing in England to-day that the late Amy Lowell represented over here in her time. She is extraordinarily versatile, she writes with a great deal of color, she experiments constantly with form and with patterns. Her brother Sacheverell, from whom she quotes, has a good deal the same peculiar gift. They are magical, fantastic, intensely romantic in their attitude. They love the brightness of words and a harlequinade. They love poetry written for its own sake, because words are beautiful and strange juxtaposition of words and queerly mixed rhythms enchant them. They are rhetoricians, jugglers, and zanies, fond of bric-à-brac and abracadabra. I frankly admit that I find these predilections of theirs sympathetic. Nonsense is often the best part of life. Beside which they are most certainly not mere nonsense-mongers. There is a strict, almost an austere, worship of beauty to be found also in their work. They have run the gamut in their own eccentric way. And I find myself more on their side of the fence than on the side of those who write poetry devoted to abstruse ratiocination, because poetry is a sensuous delight to me. It is also an emotional experience and a religious one. It is never fundamentally an affair of the intellect. I think that to take that road is a mistake. It was because Eliot's "The Waste Land" and a number of other poems of his moved me emotionally that I admire the work of Eliot. I do not find his intellectuality in his poetry of the arid kind. He also is a romantic, if we may deal in terms out of which all pith and substance seem temporarily to have been extracted.

The other brother, Osbert Sitwell, may turn out to be the most enduring figure of the three in literature. Of all the many Sitwell books of poems I must confess that I found his "England Reclaimed" most satisfying, to me. Also he writes fiction in prose with remarkable imagination and power. His work strikes one as somewhat more mature than that of his brilliant sister and brother. But that is merely a personal opinion. The Sitwells are an extremely interesting group in contemporary literature. They know how to pleasure the reader. All possess a gift of satire. Among the younger critics in America the tendency is to set Edith above either of her brothers, and yet I am not so sure.

To revert to Amy Lowell, I may be prejudiced but cannot feel that Miss Sitwell has as yet achieved as much as Amy Lowell achieved, despite all her experimentation. But on the other hand I do not at all hold with those whose chosen remark about all this is that such work is all superficial. I do not see why sprightliness is necessarily superficial, or gusto, or showmanship, or versatility. I do not demand that every poem please me in the same way. Surely there are many mansions in the house of poetry. What does not suit one mood may suit another. Certain experiments remain to me interesting experiments, "merely this and nothing more," it is true. They are more valuable to their ingenious inventors. But the true gifts of true poets will always shine through their comparative failures, persist in their antic digressions. When Miss Sitwell seems to me to take too seriously the tempo of a mechanical age and speaks of the necessity for adapting to it one's technique, I do not follow her very far. It is not particularly necessary. But perhaps she did not say exactly that. She said, rather, that the tempo of the age was the explanation of certain phenomena in modern verse. Probably that is true. And yet quiet poems of calm grace have been and are being written in this age, and will continue to be written. For the matter of that they could be written in a jungle full of wild beasts if, as the poet usually manages to do, the poet found a sufficiently tall and non-infested tree in which to perch. The poet can lose himself to the jungle. His imagination is his sanctuary.

It is well, nevertheless, to try to interpret the age in such phases of it as one most particularly understands. It is not well to force the note. Sententiousness is never a good thing, nor preoccupation with a message. Messages are delivered of themselves, and in these modern days we are often told of the strangeness of the messages all people, in writing or in speech, unwittingly deliver concerning themselves. Nevertheless, we can only proceed according to our own knowledge of ourselves. It is never very great.

I am not saying that the type of work that Miss Sitwell does may not turn out to be chiefly ornament. What of it? Intricate ornament full of color is a delight to the eye. One's contribution, so long as it is one's own, may be only for a certain audience. It is none the less a contribution.

Criticism exists by comparisons, and, if one likes a certain sort of thing, one is thereby seemingly and inevitably committed to damning something quite the opposite. I cannot see things in that light. Why should one not be able to appreciate a variety of phenomena?

I understand a little better now, however, then I did when I was an exceedingly brash youngster why older men, who have read in many, many books of their favorite art, finally fall into an eclecticism that the young should always, to be properly young, revolt from. So little really thoroughly satisfies one any more. Many schools have come and gone. Many inventions have been tried, many doctrines have been preached, many tubs have been thumped. One has done some of this oneself. What pleases now? Precious little. One goes back to read the old 'uns. And finds that the old 'uns were not so bad after all. A number of them retain that perennial freshness that is so peculiar a characteristic of really great writing.

That is, nevertheless, no earthly reason for not being interested in or trying to understand the new 'uns. What is criticism of literature,—a thesis to be proved? I cannot believe so. One can only prove that one likes so-and-so and does not like so-and-so, when one is dealing with well-written books. When we are young we start in with experiment. Imperceptibly we do not exactly "wither into the truth," as Yeats put it, we gain certain ground we have fought for and we rest there. Then along comes a new hullabaloo. The graceless pack! Lo and behold, we are merely old fogies. We did not ever know what it was all about. To one side! Let the new vanguard by!

But there is no earthly reason to resent this. The new 'uns will gain their new ground, after having their own Donnybrook Fair. They will set up their tents perhaps a march or so ahead of us—perhaps not. And along will come the hullabaloo again and make them just as irritated as we have been in our time. No, criticism, as I see it, is the science of discovery in literature, is the exercise of apprehension. Here they come, and what do they represent? Verily, they bear "a banner with a strange device," and what may its superscription be? Let us interpret as best we can. After all the fascination of literature is to examine and to interpret as best we can. We cannot be expected to understand everything, to be sympahetic with everything, to enjoy everything. We cannot critically be all things to all poets. But we can help write the history of the persisting adventuring forth into new fields that poetry is. Or we can try writing some of the poetry ourselves, not for the vogue of it, but because we are stimulated by all this display of energy to produce,—perhaps an utterly different sort of thing.

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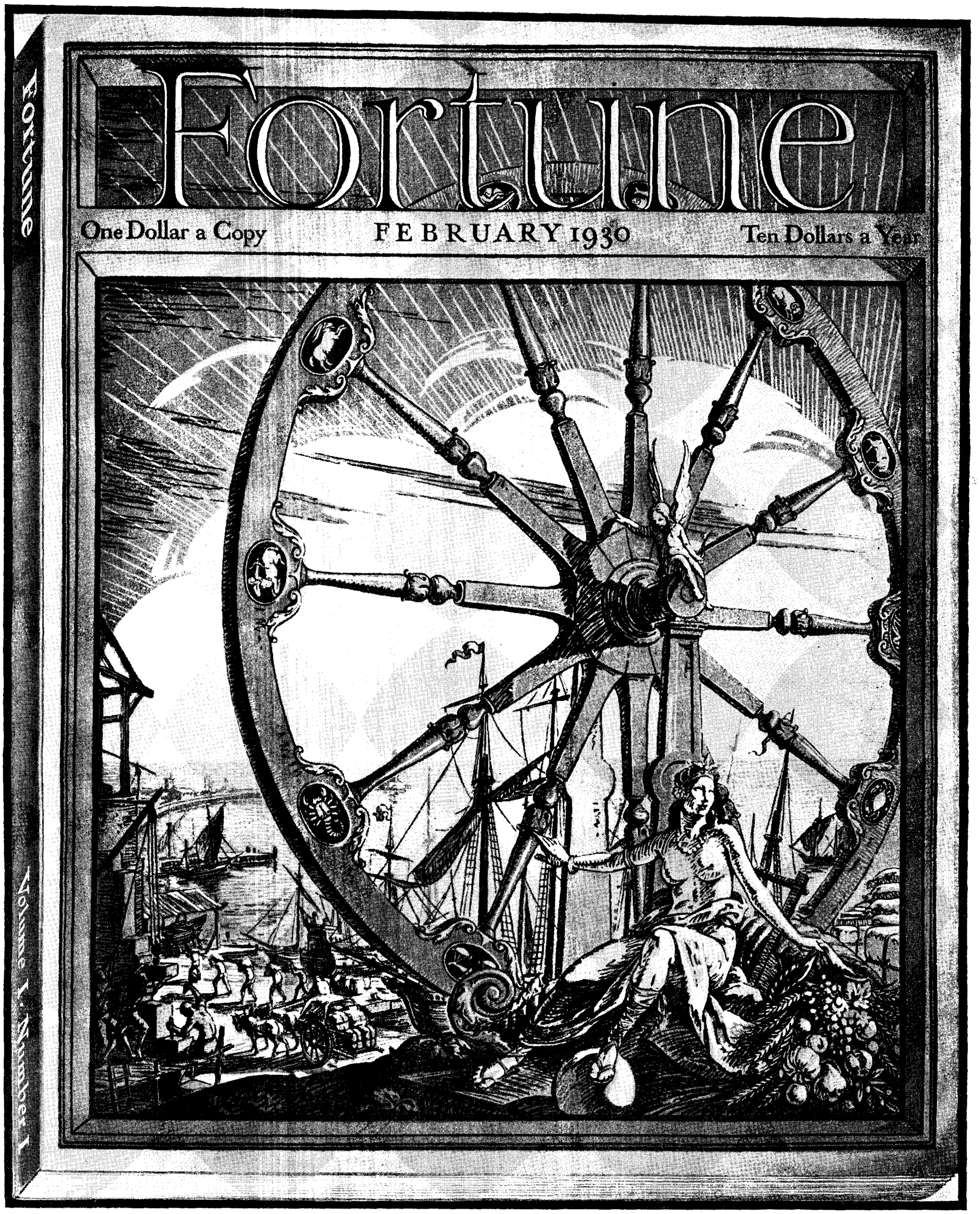

THE first words in FORTUNE are: "Ye Men of America, methinks ye are in many ways too materialistic." But what does Myron C. Taylor, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation, mean when he thus paraphrases the words of St. Paul the Apostle? What *is* modern materialism? What *is* Industrial Civilization? What does John Dewey mean when he says: "Philosophy has to accept the controlling rôle of technological industry in contemporary civilization?"

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Books of Special Interest

The American Revolution

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE: American Phase. By CLAUDE H. VAN TYNE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929 $5.

Reviewed by HAROLD MURDOCK
Harvard University

PROFESSOR VAN TYNE had intended to cover in this volume the whole period from 1775 to 1782, but the large amount of new evidence that has become accessible during the last five years compelled a change of plan. So the book concludes with Burgoyne's surrender on the eve of the signing of the treaty of alliance with France. It covers what the author styles "the American phase" of the War, when America was contending alone against Great Britain. The division between this and the concluding period is a natural one and deserves to be historically emphasized.

Although writing of war, he gives small space to military details. He briefly sketches the objects, trend, and fate of campaigns and as a rule devotes but a few lines to a battle. He is more concerned with the diplomatic and political aspects of the war, the influence of military events upon the morale of governments and peoples, and the effects of legislation and public opinion upon military activities in the field. He writes impartially with his mind on his authorities rather than on his audience. His style is forcible and carries home to the reader, and his characterizations of the prominent actors in his drama are crisp and often picturesque. We believe that this, his latest book in a field which he has mastered, will be accepted as his best.

The reader will remember that in his volume on the Causes of the War, Mr. Van Tyne did not mince the fact that our revolution was no uprising of the oppressed against a tyrannical oppressor, but was the act of "the freest of peoples." Throughout the present volume we are conscious not only that America was, and remained, divided against herself, but that discord held high carnival within the patriot fold. No one has painted with greater vividness the desperate plights through which our revolution muddled during the first years of the war, amid conditions that must at times have caused the Goddess of Liberty to wince. It was hardly a heroic period, but there was heroism in it, or else in the midst of such discouragements it would have been impossible to have kept our always neglected and often insubordinate army in the field. Washington stands out in these pages in that peculiar dignity with which history has permanently invested him.

With little genius, and not much natural aptitude for war, it was courage, noble character, the gift of inspiring confidence, and the ability to learn from experience which were, before the war's end, to place him in the forefront among the leaders of men, safe and competent as a commander-in-chief. Even in the midst of his worst errors, his greatness, his magnanimity, surmount everything.

No one was more conscious than Washington that he was fighting an unequal battle, and all serious minds were early of the opinion that help must be had from some quarter. Our author stresses the influence of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" upon public opinion. Perhaps it made easier the composition of those phrases in the Declaration in which the conscientious and unimaginative George III is pilloried as a tyrant and a brute. All kings and kingship itself were held up to scorn in Paine's gospel, but the extremes of his philosophy did not suit American political needs. It was a world of kings. When Patrick Henry declared that "a just God who presides over the destinies of nations" would raise up friends to fight America's battles, he must have had a king in mind. The colonists knew of old that British extremity constituted French opportunity, and it was wisdom and keen practical sense that led them to undertake the metamorphosis of the King of France into a bulwark of freedom and the friend of the oppressed. Perhaps the pill was bitter, but it was swallowed without writhing and without a blush. No ancient grudge was ever more quickly laid. The religious and racial antipathies of two centuries were ignored if not forgotten, and a curtain drawn over bitter memories of treacherous and bloody wars.

The work at the French Court of that strangely assorted pair, Silas Deane and Beaumarchais, is effectively sketched. France did not snap at the American bait, detesting and dreading, as she did, every political principle to which her new gained friends stood committed. But against this repugnance she weighed her hatred of England and her longing for revenge. It was hardly on the cards that she should regain her American empire, but if those erstwhile possessions of hers could be wrested from the grasp of her despoiler, she would taste in large measure the sweetness of revenge. The American case was well handled in Paris, the value of American gratitude and trade were shrewdly emphasized, and horrid hints were made that America and Britain might compose their quarrel and unite once more against their ancient enemy. So France began by secretly violating her neutrality on a broad and generous scale; it is amazing what quantities of military supplies she was able to land on the American coast. Our author is of the opinion that but for the timely assistance that came in from European ports as a result of French activities, Washington's army could not have been held together.

But there was another influence working for the American cause in these dark days, without which the efforts of France might have been too late. Its seat was in the headquarters of the British High Command. Mr. Van Tyne handles Howe without gloves, and one wonders at first whether he has not come too much under the spell of the sensitive and querulous Clinton, whose papers in Mr. Clements's possession he has had rare opportunity to study. But it must be admitted that, Clinton aside, there remains a strong case against the British commander-in-chief. His memories of the carnage in front of the rail fence on Bunker Hill, his appreciation of American affection for the brother who died at Ticonderoga, his alleged preoccupation with his Boston Delilah, are all insufficient to account for his strange lethargy in moments of great opportunity, and for his apparently fixed determination that his enemy should not undergo the extremities of defeat. Nor on the evidence as it stands, can his desertion of Burgoyne, the very worst of his offences, be justly laid at the door of Lord George Germain. Howe's attitude bewildered his opponents as it perplexes us today. Putnam, having profited by his forbearance, went so far as to remark that Howe was either a friend of America or no general.

It must be conceded that the task of the British general was not an easy one. It is possible that he might never have achieved the supreme command but for the popularity of his name in the Colonies. The British were always keen for some compromise that was reasonable from their point of view, but were surely not insistent on peace without victory. Whatever Howe's instructions or his understanding of them, the sword and olive branch were always getting tangled in his hands. In his grumbling complaint that if the Ministry had wanted severity, they might have said so, a faint light is thrown upon the enigma of his conduct. Mr. Van Tyne leaves him under the suspicion of having unconsciously contributed as much to the cause of American Independence as many a worthy patriot whose memory is fondly cherished in the land.

Light and Shade

STEICHEN, THE PHOTOGRAPHER. By CARL SANDBURG, New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $25.

Reviewed by MYRON BEMET SMITH

IN spite of such a detail as Steichen's fondness for sleeping both winter and summer with his feet out of bed and other information equally intimate and irrelevant, Carl Sandburg tells the story of his sister's husband, Edward Steichen, photographer, with a poetic understanding of another creative spirit. A lithographic draftsman, poster artist, photographer, painter for the Paris Salon, army officer in charge of aerial photography at the front, Steichen at last renounced the salon variety of art and gave his whole affection to art's first principle, light itself. Alone in a cottage at Voulangis, France, he spent a year photographing a white cup and saucer against a black background, one thousand exposures, experimenting in the control of light on the object and on the negative, mastering what he calls "the innate cussedness of inanimate things."

With his medium in control, Steichen returned to New York to make photographs for those who could pay. Free at last from the inner questioning, devoted entirely to the art of photography, the title Commercial Photographer bears the same relation to him that Interior Decorator might have borne to Giulio Romano. To patrons and objects as such he has become supremely indifferent. J. P. Morgan, Sr., flower pots in a wheelbarrow, fire escapes, a spray of foxglove, Isadora Duncan in the Parthenon, a pair of serpent skin shoes, Gertrude Lawrence smiling behind a fan, three patent cigarette lighters, a pattern of match boxes and matches,—these enter Steichen's consciousness as textures, reflections, nets to catch light and shade, the stuff that photographs are made of.

All this is made plain in the forty-eight examples of his work which conclude the volume. No small part of the significance of the book lies in the quality of these printed reproductions, some as fine in their way as the printed pages of Aldus or Bodoni in theirs. Full appreciation of the faithfulness of the prints comes only after comparing them with the original negatives and a review of the engraving and printing processes, fellow arts with which Mr. Steichen's photography seems admirably linked. One cannot help but wonder if this contemporary commercial art of printing will in the future share the favor of collectors with what were once the equally commercial products of Aldus and Geoffrey Tory.

The American Braille Press has sent out the first copies of a magazine for blind persons who are interested in music—the first of its kind ever published—which is to be distributed free throughout the world. The magazine will be sent to schools for the blind, public libraries and sightless musicians. George L. Rayerat, secretary general of the Braille Press in Paris, is editor.

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Edited by Josiah Titzell

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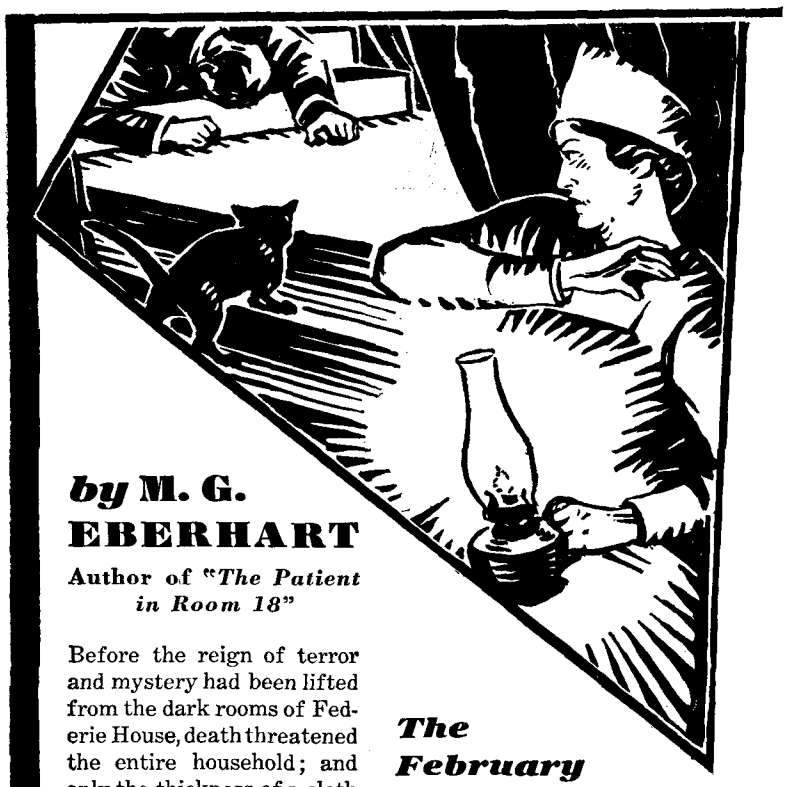

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Books of Special Interest

The Philosophic Mind

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PHILOSOPHERS. By ALEXANDER HERZBERG. Translated from the German by E. B. F. WAREING. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON
Harvard University

LITTLE interest has been shown in the lives of the philosophers. To the external observer their years unroll tranquilly in talk, meditation, and literary composition. There is no outward drama. Plato, after a few journeys along the shores of the Mediterranean, withdrew to a shady grove near Athens and discoursed to his pupils almost continuously for forty years. Spinoza, excommunicated from the Synagogue and disappointed in an apocryphal love-affair, retired to a garret in the Hague to divide his life between grinding lenses and completing his Ethics, demonstrated in geometrical order. Kant, born in Königsberg, never journeyed twenty miles from that small university city. Lecturing, reading, writing, walking, for an exact number of hours each day, he moved from privatdocent to extra-ordinary professor, to ordinary professor, and to death without apparent incident, beyond the publication of his works. There are a few stormy-petrels of philosophy. Rousseau, an intellect of less power than the others, confesses in detail *the contortions of his private life*; St. Augustine, setting the fashion for confessions, records the sins of his youth and the ecstasies of his subsequent conversion. But for the most part, what goes on beneath the placid surface of the philosopher's existence is hidden from the curious eye. To psycho-analyze the philosophers *en bloc*, as Mr. Herzberg does in "The Psychology of Philosophers," is therefore to generalize on meagre evidence.

Far from being men of weak vital impulses, the philosophers are pictured, in this sketch after the Freudian manner, as passionate, highly emotional individuals fired by an energy that directs itself away from practical life toward a world of thought where their impulses find a sublimated fulfilment. In the author's opinion, the predominance of intellectual over practical interests does not explain the philosopher's love of meditation and his aversion to the things of this world (when he is averse to them; for worldly philosophers are not an unknown species. Hume, Hobbes, Bacon, even Aristotle lived comfortably as cultivated gentlemen.). The key to the philosophic personality is inhibition and hypersensitivity. Occurences that most men accept or ignore create irritation, fear, revulsion in the philosopher. He shrinks from the actual, ridden by inhibitions whose strength equals that of the impulses to which he can give no direct expression. He plays with the idea of marriage but rarely marries; he draws up elaborate plans for political reform but effects no reform; he speculates on the nature of God but rejects established religion; he analyzes ideas of right and wrong but sometimes displays "a degree of self-assertiveness, of conceit, of agressiveness—in a word, of unbearableness—which drives his friends away and leaves him in serious difficulties with those around him." Were he not possessed of an unusually keen intellect and great power of sublimation—of transforming his impulse into other expressions—his mind would break under the conflict of impulse with inhibition. As it is, his philosophy resolves the conflict. He creates his own world, being too sensitive for life in this one. Philosophy is his way to mental health, his form of psychohygiene. To men who suffer from the same conflicts as the philosopher but cannot think out a world of their own, his world offers a refuge.

The satisfaction which philosophy provides by creating an artificial environment is by no means restricted to its creators, for the same consoling and elevating effects may be shared by anyone with a nature at all resembling theirs who threads the same paths consciously and in good faith. Thus the magic garden which a powerful spirit has created to shelter it from the inclemencies of life, becomes a public pleasure-ground affording recreation and health to many of life's wounded who have no plot of their own.

Mr. Herzberg's truth is a half-truth. He has sketched a plausible psychology for other-worldly philosophers, but not for worldly ones. Spinoza, living in the intellectual love of God; Kant, straining to reach the realm of things as they are in themselves, may fit his theory; but not Aristotle, contemplating the universe and leading the life of an Athenian gentleman.

Murder Will Out

By EUGENE REYNAL

THE primary object of a piece of literature, a painting, or a musical composition is to afford pleasure, and the form, the philosophic content, the artistic whatever-you-want-to-call-it are merely the terms by which that pleasure is defined. Thus mystery stories can be treated almost as a game to be enjoyed no less heartily or intelligently than a good meal, a mountain climb, or the analysis of a passage from Kant. The game, of course, will vary according to the nature of the novel. The modern mystery reader demands a little more than mere plot and action, and from the surge of mysteries that are now overwhelming us, we shall undoubtedly eventually see rising really well-written narratives that may take a place in the literature of our day. Let us proceed to look over the recent grist.

There is a neat little puzzle for you in "Murder Yet to Come," by Isabel Briggs Meyers, and you will have a good time trying to solve it. All of the main characters are introduced at once. Four of them arrive at the front door just as the crash of a falling body is heard. Malachi Trent is found lying dead in his library. His nephew has burst in the only possible entrance (a door bolted from the inside). Trent's niece is discovered locked in the room with him. And the housekeeper and the oriental butler appear on the scene a moment later. The fun of the book lies in the skill with which the author handles the clues. She lets you work with the detective, opening his mind to you as he goes from one bit of evidence to another, occasionally letting you jump to a conclusion before him, and once in a while frankly keeping you in suspense while a special clue is being hunted down. It is an interesting device and is handled so well that I was quite taken in. Although I must confess that I never thought of the way in which the crime was actually committed, I scored pretty well on each suspect until just before the end. Then, thinking the author had used a full quota of ingenuity for one mystery story, I allowed myself to fall into the obvious trap laid to ensnare the unwary reader. There is only one piece of evidence that the detectives never discover which might have changed the course of the investigation. But there are enough clues at hand to let you determine at each turn of the story the part played by the various people involved.

"Murder Yet to Come" was awarded a $7,500 prize by the publishers, Stokes, and *McCall's Magazine*. Read it by all means—the style is clear and direct, the story rapid, and the plot ingenious. You will be a little disappointed in not having more details, at the end, of the criminal's procedure, a fault of most mystery stories, but the explanation is satisfactory and the chances are odds on that you will be fooled.

R. Austin Freeman has dipped so far into the past for the material in his latest book, "The Mistery of 31, New Inn" (Dodd, Mead) that even his language takes on the ponderous flavor of the early post-Holmesian era. He writes of (and my guess is, at) a time when people ate victuals for food and had colleagues for friends, when criminals were chased in dashing four-wheelers, and when detectives found it necessary to explain the intricacies of photographic reproduction. Poor Dr. Thorndike, of the most estimable reputation, succeeds only in bewildering his narrator, "my dear Jervis," with the bits of evidence he uncovers, for the solution to this mystery is apparent from the start.

Lest my disappointment should be communicated too dismally, let me say that the solution is as closely reasoned as one could want. Mr. Freeman uses the device of reserving the actual details of the crime until the last. He leads you step by step through a series of episodes described in tri-syllabic phrases, only to discover in the end that all was just as you had imagined from the opening chapters. If this novel is ever dramatized I should suggest a Hoboken production.

"The W. Plan" (Cosmopolitan), by Graham Seton, is a highly sensational adventure story of the war, written on the scale of Oppenheim, and in a style popular at the time of the great fracas. The young hero, dropped behind the lines from an aeroplane, succeeds in uncovering single-handed a German plot to wipe out the entire English army and (I do not want to give away too much of the story) saves the day for his country. If not always convincing, the tale rolls along at a sufficiently rapid rate to satisfy the most voracious reader. Graham

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Seton spins a good yarn if you are not too insistent upon realism with your war.

"The Trail of the Lotto" (Macrae-Smith), by Anthony Armstrong, is a mad crime and adventure tale that scurries through a quick succession of impossible adventures involving vitriol-throwing Japanese, double-crossing "fences," gat-juggling girls, and ferocious criminals, which somehow holds you breathless to the end. There is no plot in the proper sense of the word. There is no pretense of characterization or of skill in writing. There is just plain action and a couple of diverting hours of reading for those who are not particular as to how they get their thrills.

Donn Byrne, Writer

DONN BYRNE, BARD OF ARMAGH. By THURSTON MACAULEY. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES T. FARRELL

MR. MACAULEY'S biography impresses us as a descriptive rather than a critical performance, a chronology and expanded bibliography of the late Donn Byrne. It is both trim and compact, written with a consistent tone and in good taste. There are a few of the familiar lapses, a potpourri on the virtues of the late novelist, and some atmospherical lyricisms. However, Donn Byrne's life lends itself to a facile coloration, and Mr. Macauley's restraint has avoided such a pitfall. Yet he makes neither a piercing analysis of an interesting temperament, nor a literary criticism of one whose claims to fame are, at best, dubious.

His treatment of Donn Byrne's work evaporates down to a statement of preferences, surrounded by dates and other data. He likes "The Wind Bloweth," "Messer Marco Polo," "Destiny Bay," "Brother Saul," "Blind Rafferty," and some of the stories in "Changeling" more than the other books of the author. His method of presentation is practically a formula. There is an outline of the plot, an assertion or two as to value, quotations showing off Byrne's "beautiful" prose, and appreciations of the work by critics or literary personages. Two quotations of Shane Leslie's, used to fortify Mr. Macauley's opinions, are downright sacrilege. One disparages the artistic beauty of "Brook Kerith," in order to scale up the prestige of "Brother Saul"; and the second shoves aside Yeats (for his theosophy, though this interest is dissociated from his best poetry), Brinsley Macnamara, and Joyce, in order to give more significance to Donn Byrne's weak Irish tales.

Mr. Macauley repeats his previous statement that Donn Byrne died with his best work ahead of him. This we doubt. He was a sleepy traditionalist, weakly repeating Yeats's cry that "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone." His work, particularly the Irish tales, are essentially shallow. Compare, for instance, his "The Wake at Ardee," from "The Wind Bloweth," with Joyce's remarkable presentation of an Irish wake. Byrne's values were lodged in the uncritical and boasting Irish tradition of national glory. He even managed to spoil his best romances, "Messer Marco Polo" by that sad portrait of Li Po, "Brother Saul" by that impossible scene of Thekla amidst the lions. He admitted in one of his introductions that he wanted to repeat the work of the standardized Irish writers, the stuff that Tom Moore and the Lever who created Charles O'Malley turned out. It was false literature, as false as the portrait of "Blind Rafferty" with its hero-villain psychology. And his hymned style is harmonious with his temperament; its word values are conventionalized, as is indicated by the number of times he compared women with silver birch trees in the night, and voices with bars of music.

Mr. Macauley accepts Donn Byrne at high value, and builds an array of facts about this acceptance. Then he issues the passport to *Tir Nan Og*, forgetting that the Gaelic paradise is the heaven of patriots, not geniuses. This I call undiscriminating.

The attempt of several French writers to bring about the simplification in the spelling of French words is making headway, says a dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*. The Sorbonne, however, so far has refused to coöperate. The idea of reforming spelling in France is not new. In the sixteenth century Louis Meigret wrote a pamphlet dealing with the matter, remarking that a large number of French words contained needless letters. In 1763, Charles Perrault of the French Academy also asked for an immediate recasting of spelling of French words. It is a reform that still lags.

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Points of View

No Love Like the Old

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I have read with much interest, mingled with other feelings, the article in your issue of December 28th about "Dime Novels." I am seventy-five years of age. During the Civil War in the 'sixties I was living on a farm with a good old Connecticut family of puritanical type, having been left an orphan in my own home.

I could read, and in the sombre-looking bookcase I found Spurgeon's Sermons, Baxter's "Saints' Rest," and others of that baleful sort. My only other reading was the weekly number of the *Connecticut Courant*. But a son of the family brought home a young wife and with her she brought (and read surreptitiously) a lot of "Beadles's Dime Novels." I saw one one day and with a promise to keep it out of sight I was allowed to read it, and in due course all of the others. Since those days I have never seen one of them, but the joy they gave me then I shall never forget, and I would willingly pay much more than a dime to get a copy of "Prairie Jake" or "Black Bill the Scout." I did not see any dime novels in the 'eighties or 'nineties. There may have been some, but those of the 'sixties were my friends in a time of need. I would like to look upon their yellow covers again, God bless them. I have a good library, but I will gladly put one of them on my shelves.

MARSHALL WELLES LEACH.

Plymouth, Conn.

Poe and Dumas

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Not knowing whether there was a regular reader's column conducted in your magazine, although at times I have noticed one, I wanted to write this letter in regard to a very interesting, to me at least, incident in one of your late issues. In your issue of December 21 you quote from a recently discovered manuscript of Dumas, brought from Europe by Gabriel Wells, describing a visit by Poe to Dumas in Paris. In one part of this letter Dumas speaks of one condition that Poe made when Dumas asked him to share his, Dumas's, home with him. In the letter Dumas says:

"From the very first day of our association I realized why he had laid down the conditions to which I have referred. Poe had one curious idiosyncrasy: he liked the night better than the day. Indeed, his love of the darkness amounted to a passion. But the Goddess of Night could not always afford him her shade, and remain with him continually, so he contrived a substitute. As soon as day began to break he hermetically sealed up the windows of his room and lit a couple of candles. In the midst of this pale illumination he worked, or read, or suffered his thoughts to wander in the insubstantial regions of reverie, or else he fell asleep, not being always able to indulge in waking dreams. But as soon as the clock told him that the real darkness had come, he would come in for me, take me out with him if I was there, or go forth alone if I was not.

"As a general rule I must confess I was ready waiting for him, for these nocturnal expeditions in his company were a source of veritable pleasure. In these rambles I could not help remarking with wonder and admiration (though his rich endowment of ideas should have prepared me for it) the extraordinary faculty of analysis exhibited by my friend. He seemed to delight in giving it play, and neglected no opportunity of indulging himself in that pleasure. He made no secret of the enjoyment he derived from it, and would remark with a smile of proud satisfaction, that, for him every man had an open window where his heart was, and, as a rule, he accompanied that assertion with an immediate demonstration, which, having me for its object, could leave no doubt in my mind concerning Edgar's power of divination." . . .

This letter from Dumas reawakened my interest in Edgar Allan Poe, and I read his "Murders in the Rue Morgue." There were passages in it which aroused my interest because of the identicalness between them and passages from Dumas's letters. In the account by Poe he describes meeting a Frenchman by the name C. Auguste Dupin, whom Poe, according to his story, became attached to, but whom, being in strained circumstances, Poe invited to share his home in a desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain. Poe says "it was a freak fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the Night for her own sake. . . . The sable divinity would not dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence. At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massive shutters of our old building; lighting a couple of tapers, which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the street, arm in arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford. At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own."

You will note that beginning at "in these rambles I could not help remarking with wonder . . .," from Dumas's letter, and at the point beginning "At such times I could not help remarking," from Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," the identicalness of the passages. I wonder did Dumas steal from Poe, or Poe from Dumas? Was it Poe who entertained Dumas, under the name of Dupin, as in his story, or really Dumas, who gave hospitality to Poe? The sameness of the passages intrigued me, and any information you may have would be very interesting to me.

GEORGE E. TAYLOR.

Chicago.

Refutation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Will you please permit me to meet two insinuations found in Mr. Douglas Moore's lively review of my little "An Hour with American Music," published in your issue of January 18th? Both seem to me prejudicial to the composers of the remarkable music which moved me to write my essay.

The first is to the effect that, if I did discuss the music of Varèse, Ruggles, Sessions, Copland, Harris, Chavez, and others, and not that of Daniel Gregory Mason, Howard Hansen, Leo Sowerby, and a number of other worthies, it was for the reason that, habitually not attending concerts, I was unaware of the merits of the work of this latter group, and without perspective. The second is to the effect that I have presented "critical analyses and evaluations of music which is scarcely dry on paper and which the best agencies of music production . . . studiously refrain from giving to the public."

Both these innuendos are quite misleading. I do go to concerts, particularly to those at which works by living composers are performed. In fact, I think I hold something like a record, doubtless unenvied by most persons, for attendance at performances of new music in New York. If I have recognized the creative impulse in the composers whose work I have discussed, it is certainly not because I am unfamiliar with the quality of what is commonly thought of as American music.

To the charge that I have written about scores on which the ink is scarcely dry and which the "best agencies of music production" studiously eschew, permit me to reply, first, that the majority of the pieces on which my possibly audacious judgments are based are already over five, and several over ten years of age, and quite mature, particularly in a sphere as fast-moving as that of music. And, second, that many of them have been played by such organizations as the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Boston Symphony, the New York Symphony, the Conductorless Orchestra, and the Lenox Quartette; by such conductors as Stokowski, Koussevitzky, Goossens, Reiner, and even the veteran Damrosch; by such soloists as Buhlig, Kochanski, and Cumpson; and by a number of other live organizations and musicians.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

New York City.

What Recourse?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Can one of your readers produce information upon a topic which must be of interest to all writers, and which happens at present to be of rather wretched importance to me?

The question: What procedure, if any, can be taken to protect the chosen title of a book during the period of composition?

Perhaps the ramifications of my query can be made clearer by citing the concrete instance which provokes it. More than three years ago I commenced an ambitious novel, knowing that the special and complex nature of the theme would require a long period of familiarization with physical and mental activities of which at the time I knew little, but which must be attributes of the protagonist.

My several themes all happened to be summed up in a single passage in Shakespeare, summed up with a nicety which made it seem logical to choose for the title of my book a phrase from that Shakespearian passage. As the work progressed, this passage wove itself into the story, recurring as a *leitmotif* to a degree which made the title

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as much an organic portion of the novel as any chapter.

Frequently, I admit, I marveled that my title had not been used before. It seemed to be what salesmen call a "natural." Finally, out of fear that it might be used by another, I saw to it that notice would appear in the literary gossip columns that I was working on a novel, mentioned by name. That was over a year ago.

I have documentary evidence that my book has been a subject of discussion in the publishing field, evidence in the form of unsolicited letters from several publishers, asking to see the manuscript, mentioning it by name.

The book was completed in mid-November. During the last few weeks I have been engaged upon the final typescript, which is now nearing completion. A short time ago *The Saturday Review* published a feature with the explanation that it was a section from a forthcoming book; the book bore the title that I had cherished for so long.

I wrote to the publishers of this other novel, immediately, presenting information upon which I based a prior right to the use of the title. They replied courteously and sympathetically that the book in question was printed and bound, and would appear in a few days. It was too late to make a change, even if one were justified.

Letters three years old can be produced to prove that my title was chosen before work on my book was even commenced; but what possible good will it do me? There is printed evidence more than a year old, and what use is that? These are not empty expressions of unseemly woe. They are specific requests for information. Has one any redress when he finds himself in such a situation?

It is my natural impulse to publish the book under its proper, indeed its inevitable, title; but is that possible, taking cognizance of the fact that the other book is receiving a splendid and prominent press which, from a knowledge of the author's former work, I am quick to claim that it unquestionably deserves? I do not dare to read it myself until my typescript is completed, for fear there may be similarities aside from the title.

Present arrangements with my publishers lead me to suppose that my novel will be published in the late summer or early fall. Is it legal, and if legal, is it commercially feasible, to follow one book with another of identical title after an interval of half a year?

So far I have presented the problem on its own merits. There is no reason for withholding, in conclusion, the fact that my title was, and provisionally still is, "All Our Yesterdays," and that I wish to disclaim any suspicion of Mr. Tomlinson's procedure in choosing it. Obviously it is coincidence. There is not the smallest chance that he would have seen the few references to my title in the American press. Furthermore, his publishers assure me that his title was chosen about two and one-half years ago, before there had been any public announcement of my book.

Under similar conditions an inventor would have legal recourses for proving his prior right. What recourse has an author? Is any possible recourse of use only before one of the two works in question is published? I should like information, if only for guidance in the cases of books in prospect.

ALEXANDER LAING.

Hanover, N. H.

Peccavi

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

May I call your attention to some typographical errors which crept into my essay, "The Youngest Generation," published in your issue of January 25th?

I wrote the last sentence in the fourth paragraph, "And because we are challenged on all sides and in every respect, if we achieve a positive philosophy or literature it will be real, intellectually expensive, simple as sky, and inalienably ours." But "expensive" was changed to "expansive" and the exact essential meaning lost.

I wrote the sixth sentence in the nineteenth paragraph, "But one must dispose of matter as such before one can go on to spirit." The metamorphosis of the second "one" to "or" completely deprived the sentence of intelligibility.

I wrote the fourth from the last sentence in the next to the last paragraph, "We can predict changes of mood and matter." It was printed, "We can predict chances of mood and matter."

VIRGINIA MOORE.

Scottsville, Va.

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

I HAVE, in a recent letter, sketched the fall of science as a faith, progress as a religion, and noted some of its survivals and substitutes in our own day. Need I apologize for that method of observing contemporary literature through contemporary philosophy?

Perhaps, as once stated in these columns, "the serious criticism of the twentieth century is dominated by experimental science." This may be true of America. It certainly was of France fifty years ago. Since that time we have passed into an age of metaphysics. But science is going the same way. Modern physics, for instance, is no longer incompatible with a radical idealism. It has "fallen back," says Harold Laski, "at long last, into the hands of the metaphysicians." Even common sense starts from purely metaphysical notions.

Be this as it may, we have lived here, for the last thirty years, under Bergson's influence, or, more correctly, in the Bergsonian atmosphere. Now, the Bergsonism (or Bergsonianism) of philosophers contains much of what Bergson inherited (i. e., pragmatism) and not a little of what he anticipated, made possible, or credible. But the jumble of tendencies that goes under Bergson's name in philosophic journalism remains, on the whole, faithful to the original. It has not liquified or settled.

The Bergsonian of *literati* is quite a different affair. *Ersatzes,* imitations, second-hand goods, always display in bold letters the name and trademark of the original article. If Bergson condescended to take cognizance of all the scribblers' fantasies that circulate under his name, he would be appalled. Appalled and powerless, for their name is legion.

Literary Bergsonism is not Bergson's doctrine but its sediment, the sort of sticky residue that is left by a somewhat volatile oil when its native fluidity has been destroyed by overheating. It is neither rigid nor flexible, but gluey, and osmotic at the same time. You can neither get hold nor get rid of it. The deposits of Cartesianism and Kantism that once fertilized (or sterilized, according to one's point of view) the fields of literature, were, on the whole, drier, and did not percolate so fast. In order to prevent its indiscriminate spreading, literary Bergsonism should have been handled, like margarin, in grease-proof paper, or, like nitro-glycerin, by experts only.

But it is never the expert who applies philosophy to literature (as you probably realize in reading this). A complete theory of art was potentially contained in Bergson's works. The expert, if he had been the only one to extract its substance, would have delivered it pure, but dead. It has been extracted, ore and waste together, by unskilled engineers and thrown wholesale into the mills of journalism. As could be expected, the result has been a confusion of ideas and terms almost irreducible to unity, but, like so many amalgams, more active than its constituents. Even the slimes yield some power.

Bergson's doctrine was essentially a criticism of intellect, or scientific reason, as *the* instrument of *real* knowledge. He instanced its incapacity in that respect by an opposition between the scientific notion of time, necessarily divisible, and time's essential nature, i. e., duration, indivisibility. He confuted the mechanistic notions of memory and demonstrated its vital and spontaneous character. Remembering is being in the same degree as action or thought. Reason as an informant, time as a measure, memory as a recorder are eminently serviceable but limited abstractions, bearing the sign of utility, not the hallmark of reality.

Ten years after "Les Données Immédiates de la Conscience" (1889) it had already become impossible to reconcile scientific with immediate reality and pure "realism" in literature with a faithful interpretation of life. "Matière et Mémoire" (1896), "L'Évolution Créatrice" (1907) completed that sort of intellectual revolution. Science (as then understood) remained the servant and ceased to be the ruler of mankind, its ideal and redeemer.

I cannot attempt to sum up in a few lines the actual alterations caused by Bergsonism in our idea of what *is,* in contrast with what *fits,* and shall only mention some of their consequences in literature. Even this cannot be done without undue generalization. What follows should be read as a list of chapter-headings, the chapters themselves to be forthcoming as occasions arise from current production.

In brief, Bergsonism has enlarged the field of workable reality in literature, by restoring that dignity of the immediate, the spontaneous (*das Echte,* as Germans say), which had been blurred by ages of intellectual interference. Even the self-hidden activities in our mental life have obtained recognition. A legitimate element of revelation has superseded an excess of merely algebraic representation. The notion of time as indivisible duration has entered our consciousness and this, in itself, is a revolutionary conquest. The notion of memory as an active part of ourselves, as individual and mysterious as the rest, is expanding the possibilities of creation and recreation. The play, the secret game that goes on in so many of us, chiefly in adolescence and infancy, has entered literature. Whole provinces of psychology have been annexed to fiction (and, alas, *vice versa*). All this is more than evident in Marcel Proust's lumber-room. Compare, in rceent English literature, those two specimens of the revived "copious novel," "The Good Companions," and "Wolf Solent," and you will realize what has been gained in range and depth, lost in distinctness and effectiveness, by the new fashionable notions of reality represented in the latter book.

On the whole, literary Bergsonism has stemmed the increasing pressure of automatism and mechanism on our civilization. I am here speaking of France. In other nations, the same process has been going on under different terms. Once more a Catalaunian victory seems to have been won. But barbaric invasions can come also from within.

The notion of reality has been, on the one hand, not only expanded by literary Bergsonism, but on the other telescoped and frittered away. We have been taught that everything is in everything, not distinctly but in a more diffuse, self-penetrating manner than any intellectual processes can account for. The outcome might very well be the end of all literature, and this is exactly what is preached by some iconoclasts. Remember Rimbaud dropped poetry as an empty husk when he arrived at man's estate.

To many of Bergson's youthful, hairy, self-appointed disciples, intelligence has become a bugbear. How much easier to "think" and "write" if thinking and writing are exempted from all logical necessity. Unity and cohesion in characters, consequence in events, intelligibility in explanations, stamp a writer as ridiculously old-fashioned. Perfection in form, implying something definite, is openly derided. The idea, prevailing in America, that French writers are still "keeping faith in the certain value of perfection" is laughably out of date. Why, many of our younger novelists are not even able to spell correctly, their punctuation is atrocious, their terminology incoherent. . . . It has become bad policy, bad form, to write clearly. Is not clearness the cloven hoof mark of that devilish intellectualism always tampering with intuitive knowledge?

The legitimate restoration of intuitiveness, spontaneity, has led to a grotesque glorification of whatever is childish and primitive, as witness the flow of adolescents' novels, "*douanier*" literature and painting, negroid art, Papuan culture. Because memory is autonomous and continuous, because time is duration, history must be telescoped into the present, and succession, sequence, must be abolished. Even language, even words, except as incantations, have become suspect. Are they not irremediably tainted with the desiccating interference of logic and reason? And so, by another way, literature might be led, like Iphigenia, to the altar of sacrifice, if the extreme form of literary Bergsonism was allowed to prevail. Might be, but is not, as I shall point out in another letter.

In the meantime, exotic literature is not necessarily primitivist, and those studies of children's secret life which are now so frequent cannot all be called infantile. André Gide's "Voyage au Congo" is being republished in a magnificent limited edition for bibliophiles. Jean Cocteau's "Enfants Terribles" is considered his best work. It is, indeed, a terrible tale illustrating that secret "mythology" of childhood which followed Wolf Solent through his whole life and which, in Cocteau's book, engenders crime and disaster. But *that* is not to be taken as an instance of literary Bergsonism . . . or Bergsonianism.

What is said to be the largest and most valuable collection of rare manuscripts, prints, and books on Haiti outside "the black republic" is on exhibition in the 135th Street branch of the New York Public Library. The books written by Haitian negroes date from 1791 to the present, and include works written under Napoleon, under the Kingdom of Haiti, and under the republic.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

LORD LANSDOWNE, A BIOGRAPHY. By LORD NEWTON. Macmillan. 1929.

Lord Newton's biography of Lord Lansdowne has in it something which suggests the swan song of the British aristocracy. Lord Lansdowne's family illustrates in a striking manner the evolution of the nobility from the tribal chieftain of medieval times and earlier to the titled gentleman of to-day. Through all the momentous political changes of the intervening years they held on to their possessions and retained their governing power. It remains to be seen whether they will be as successful against modern industrial democracy. The fact that Lord Landsdowne's successor has found it desirable to dispose of much of the family inheritance is but one of many indications that they are fighting a losing battle.

The subject of this biography played in a large way the rôle assigned to the higher aristocracy in the English scheme of life. Graduated from Eton and Balliol, he entered public life almost immediately, and in the course of his career served as Governor-General of Canada, Viceroy of India, Secretary of War, and Secretary of Foreign Affairs. In the first two of these offices there was little demand at the time for supreme skill. In the War Office, however, he met the problems of the Boer War and at the Foreign Office dealt with such affairs as the Morocco crisis in 1905 and the other minor crises which were preliminary to the great crisis of 1914. Lord Lansdowne fathered the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the Anglo-French Entente. In all these matters he served with ability and distinction. Somehow or other, he just missed greatness. His friends, Lord Rosebery and Arthur Balfour, both attained the prime ministership. Lansdowne, despite his long leadership of the Unionist party in the House of Lords, was never seriously considered for it. The star of his kind was on the wane. It was characteristic that he accepted his fate without a word of complaint or criticism and served to the best of his ability when and where he could. Lord Newton's biography is in keeping with that spirit.

HANNIBAL. By G. P. BAKER. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $3.50.

The admiration of the world is by no means reserved for the victorious general to the exclusion of the loser. Hannibal, Napoleon, Lee, these names arouse more admiration, wonder, and love than those of their conquerors. Mr. Baker has in Hannibal a more congenial subject than he had in Sulla or Tiberius, the heroes of his earlier books. He is presenting a great man and the presentation is adequate.

It is more than that. For the present biography is readable from beginning to end, it paints in a background convincingly and without being pedantic, it leaves a gratifying sense of sources investigated and weighed and on the whole of sound judgment rendered. It might be argued in complaint that the flourish of the opening sentence arouses a scepticism which, to be sure, proves to be unjustified. I suspect, too, that most scholars will feel that the case of Saguntum with the beginning of the Hannibalic war is presented with less freedom from bias than most of the history. The temptation of the Sophonisba romance does not fail in its perennial power but for this the reader will feel only an amused gratitude. Mr. Baker persists in the irritating practice of using three periods as a regular form of punctuation. It is hard, however, to find fault with a book that gives us in more than readable style and in attractive form the sound biography of a great man.

POLK. The Diary of a President. Edited by ALLAN NEVINS. Longmans, Green. 1929. $5.

Since the cabinet is not a body of record, and the president communicates with congress only in formal messages, the public usually has little information concerning the operations of the executive branch of the national government. Even historians find it difficult to procure such information. With the exception of J. Q. Adams and R. B. Hayes, Polk was the only president who kept a diary during his term of office, and his is more comprehensive than either of the other two. In his complete diary, Polk has left us practically a daily record of his administration, of the discussions in cabinet meetings, and of his interviews with members of Congress. He has left us a vivid picture of the trials of a chief executive, of the bores who consumed his time, and of pestiferous office seekers. Of the spoils hunters he wrote: "If God grants me length of days and health I will, after the expiration of my term, give a history of the selfish and corrupt considerations which influence the course of public men, as legacy to posterity."

Thorough in everything, Polk made his diary a valuable historical document. He was more frank with his diary than with his contemporaries. They complained that while he was a patient listener, he declined to disclose his plans and purposes to others. "Was there ever such a case known," exclaimed Mangum, during a debate, "as an Executive without an organ in either House of Congress!" But in his diary the President makes very clear both his plans and his motives, and the accuracy of his statements can usually be verified by other historical evidence. The daily record shows that Polk knew precisely what he wanted and, in the words of James Schouler, "what he wanted he fetched."

Mr. Nevins's volume is an abridgment of Polk's complete diary which had already been edited by Mily M. Quaife and published in four volumes in 1910. The abridgment has been well done. Good judgment has been shown in selecting the items which are most useful to a student of the period. The volume is well annotated.

HENRY B. FULLER. Seymour.

GERALDINE FARRAR. By *Edward Wagenknecht.* University of Washington Book Store.

THE CORSICAN. Compiled by *R. W. Johnston.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

THE STANDARD BEARERS. By *Katherine Mayo.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST. By *C. Kropotkin.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

CESARE BORGIA. By *Rafael Sabatini.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

ROOSEVELT IN THE BAD LANDS. By *Hermann Hagedorn.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

THOMAS KILLIGREW. By *Alfred Harbage.* University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

I'M LUCKY AT THAT. By *David Betts.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

Education

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON. By *H. Hale Bellot.* University of London Press.

LE TEMPS EST UN SONGE. By *H. R. Lenormand.* Edited by *Henriette Moussiegt* and *Adolphe-Jacques Dickman.* Century. $1.20.

CHILDREN WELL AND HAPPY. By *May Dickinson Kimball.* Crofts. 80 cents.

Fiction

THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN. By ETHEL HUESTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.

Ethel Hueston is well known for her fiction that introduces a sprightly though mild form of modernism into the parsonage life which she usually adopts for her subject. She catches and converts to her own usage the conflict between the old-fashioned, hard and fast, and unsympathetic type of churchgoer who squeezed the letter of the law so hard that the spirit all oozed out and the modern social Christian who can encompass the idea that happiness may actually be one of God's goods. Her subject matter limits her circle of readers, but it also insures it.

The present novel, "The People of This Town," tells the story of a minister's wife who has for twenty years accepted the hostile attitude of her husband's congregation because her ideals of beauty and freedom have been at variance with their own narrower ideas, but who at last, at the opening of the book, decides that she has borne all she can bear and prepares to leave her home and take up life where she left it at her marriage. Naturally her conduct is considered scandalous. The parishioners cannot conceive that she lives alone for any good purpose, and they refuse to permit their children to be taught music by so abandoned a woman. This refusal cuts off a very necessary source of income, and but for the kindly intervention of that fate which watches over heroines this one might have had to return home in defeat. But as it is she is able to return in honor, if not triumph, and to understanding and happiness that had never been hers before.

Within the rather narrow limits that Ethel Hueston imposes upon herself she manages to get a sense of life into her work, and her characters, although many of them are obviously conventional types which she moves about for the benefit of her story, take on the semblance of reality in their activities and conversations.

(*Continued on next page*)

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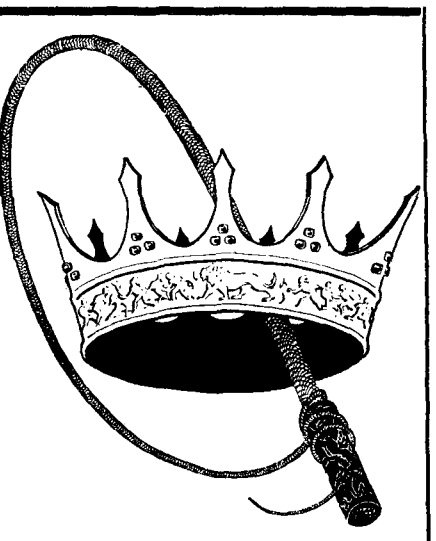

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LEGION. By Various Authors and Artists. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $3.

The original idea of this collection of previously unpublished work by an impressive list of English writers and artists is said to have come from the Prince of Wales. For the British Legion twenty-five men and eight women have contributed pieces ranging from Mr. Wodehouse's first-rate farce, "Disentangling Old Percy," to the rather grim war reminiscences of Mr. Edmund Blunden. The general tone is light and determinedly pleasant, however, and there is surprisingly little trace of the conflict which brought into being the cause to which the book is devoted. With the exception of Mr. Bernard Shaw almost every name of first rank in England at the present moment is represented by some characteristic bit of work, though in quality the contributions are seldom of much importance.

Mr. Galsworthy's sincere account of his childhood, a ballad by Mr. Kipling which is so completely his as to be almost a burlesque, the beginning of a novel (for obvious reasons never finished), by Hugh Walpole, as well as work by Bennett, Bridges, Huxley, Garnett, Drinkwater, Chesterton, Belloc, Squire, De la Mare, Rebecca West, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Edith Sitwell, Tennyson Jesse, Sarah Gertrude Millin, and Storm Jameson are included, all for one reason or another notable. The most satisfactory things in the book, however are Margaret Kennedy's appendix to "The Constant Nymph" and A. E. Coppard's excellent story, "Wilt Thou Leave Me Thus?" Of the poetry, Humbert Wolfe's "Veni Creator" seems nearest its author's top form. Drawings by Sargent, Muirhead Bone, Augustus John, Epstein, Orpen, and others add a good deal to the quality of the collection as a whole. Few attempts at assembling talent for charity in this manner have been more successful.

YAMA: THE PIT. Translated from the Russian of ALEXANDER KUPRIN by BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNEY. New York: Guerney. 1929. $3.

Kuprin's ponderous novel of prostitution first appeared—in part—in Russian, in 1909. The remainder was published in 1914 and 1915. B. G. Guerney, the translator and publisher of the present version, which is said to be more complete than any of its predecessors, also translated and privately printed an earlier English version which was published in New York in 1922. The work was translated in part, at least, into various languages, and a French version, called "La Fosse aux Filles," was reviewed in this country, as Mr. Guerney's earlier version had been when the former appeared in 1923.

As an explanation for this revival of the novel, the translator-publisher publishes an autograph note from the author stating that the present version contains hitherto unpublished material and is the "only legitimate edition in English."

Kuprin's narrative, which runs to nearly 450 pages, is characterized by its complete frankness and lack of sentimentality; the heavy, slogging, tireless thoroughness with which the author gives, in narrative form, case-histories of a considerable gallery of prostitutes, which might remind some American readers of their own Mr. Dreiser.

The story starts in the late afternoon in a house of ill fame, and follows its inmates relentlessly through their nightly round. And in the ensuing pages the author touches, first and last, on about every conceivable aspect of his subject. If the net result is dull and disgusting, it may at least be said for Kuprin's work that his unfortunate women do really come, not from the world of romance, like Nana and Sappho and other literary predecessors, but from the underworld of modern prostitution, where, as Kuprin puts it, the terrible thing is not the loud phrases about white slaves, corroding festers, and so on, but the prosaic usage, the "well-nigh honest petty trade, no better, no worse, say, than trade in groceries," the fact that the "horror is in just this—that there is no horror!"

THE GREAT FRIGHT. By MADGE MACBETH and A. B. CONWAY. Carrier. 1929. $2.50.

Heretofore the habitant of French Canada has been pictured as living a life of gloom and piety, or he has been sentimentalized. Now comes a book which the writers aver is a caricature designed to call attention to his other qualities. They have indeed succeeded. There is no gloom between these covers. Undoubtedly the book was conceived as a caricature, and the whole population of Saint Epistemon de Dudswell has been taken advantage of for the sake of mirth. But it is mirth informed by unfaltering observation. Here are all the little peculiarities which bring the inward smile.

Any French Canadian reading of Hercule Begin's courtship, or Onesiphore's attempts at oviculture, or the efforts of his wife to cure him of not enjoying his liquor, must laugh. And such a laugh is a triumph, for attempts at making a neighboring and sensitive race ridiculous are not always attended by laughter. Even when Onesiphore has recourse to "the bootlegging" in nun's costume, it is well taken. Perhaps Wilbrod's evening with La Popote, "the village weakness," is rather accurately described; perhaps the story loses when Onesiphore leaves the village to become a hermit. Certainly an infusion of what might be called tenderness would have deepened the book. But by and large this genial and rather courageous presentation of the village rustic, with his gaiety and his petty faults, is well and wittily done. And aside from the obvious exaggeration, it is probably the shrewdest study of the habitant yet written.

THE DESERT OF LOVE. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Covici-Friede. 1929. $2.50.

Many French novels of the present day, when they do not fall into the category of the merely amusing, are apt to go to the other extreme and be extraordinarily depressing. François Mauriac's study of the love of two men, father and son, for one woman is in the latter class. The story is worked out with that technical competence which all the Gallic novelists seem to possess nowadays, so that it succeeds always in presenting an even and convincing outline to the reader, yet only too often this surface excellence conceals a lack of real psychological substance beneath. There are many vague and general statements to be accepted before the truth of M. Mauriac's narrative can be admitted, and it is difficult to see what values, moral or otherwise, the author (who is an acknowledged leader in the more orthodox and Catholic wing of the younger Frenchmen) expects us to extract from his novel.

His heroine, in the first place, is that particularly suspicious character, a prostitute with leanings towards a better life. Her saintly nature causes her to turn down both the timid advances of her doctor (who is also something of a saint in his medical way), and likewise the first efforts at seduction on the part of his young son,—an unattractive youth who looks as if he sat up all night in a hermetically sealed room, eating chocolate biscuits. Later on she achieves comparative respectability by marrying her coarse and vulgar protector. After many years, when the son has developed into a Don Juan of some note about the Paris bars, they all meet again. Both father and son find to their surprise and her annoyance that they still love her, but their mutual tragedy fails to reunite these very different natures, and the book closes in an atmosphere of general frustration and gloom. In spite of an occasional bit of insight which renders it considerably superior to M. Mauriac's "Thérèse," translated last season, there is little that shows first-rate ability in the book. It has an air of having been manufactured (*monté* is the word) for our inspection.

Foreign

NAPOLÉON III. By *Octave Aubry*. Paris: Fayard.

VÉRITÉ ET POÉSIE. By *Ludwig Lewisohn*. Translated by *R. Michaud* and *Fr. Schoell*. Paris: Boivin.

(*Continued on page 727*)

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 78. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Niagara Revisited." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of February 11.)

Competition No. 79. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best verse "To Julia (1930), Not to bob her hair," in the manner of Herrick. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of February 25.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

S. N. H., Westport, Conn., asks for a book of etiquette for a girl of sixteen.

YOU might get "Mrs. Grundy is dead," by Webster and Hopkins (Century), as soon as it appears, which is to be on February 14. The reassuring news indicated by the title is gathered from young people all over the country, who have replied to questions on the subject. The authors are the ingenious ladies who managed to work out a surprisingly successful method of analyzing your own character in "I've Got Your Number" (Century).

R. M., New York City, is "called upon now and then to write what amounts to a book review," and asks for several books to give a working knowledge of the process.

AWAY with modesty: the best book for it is a chapter in one of my own books, the chapter called "How to Review a Novel" in "Books as Windows" (Stokes). For these reviews of R. M.'s are clearly for clubs, and it was for these that this chapter was written—though I find that schools are using it like a text-book. When it appeared in a woman's magazine I had literally hundreds of letters about it. You see, there is very little on this branch of the subject in print.

B. K., Boston, Mass., asks if there is a special, beautiful edition of "The Golden Ass of Apuleius," and if so, who publishes it.

MR. TERENCE HOLLIDAY of the Holliday Bookshop of this city, to whom I referred the matter, replies:

"There are two charming editions of Apuleius's 'The Golden Asse' in the translation of William Adlington, 1566, now current; both published in London: one by Guy Chapman is quite recent and is beautifully printed, with ornamental initial letters and decorated title page. Mr. Chapman's publications have quite recently been taken over by another publisher, so I am not quite certain if this edition is still available.

"Another edition is published also in London by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.; and a Boston publisher issued this same book about 1920 or 1921; but I dare say was discouraged from circulating it by the benighted heathen who operate under the title of The Purity League or something of the kind in that unhappy city."

M. P. H., Manhattan, Kansas, has seen a quotation from a book by Satis Coleman about bells, and was so pleased with it that she wishes to locate the work.

"BELLS," by Mrs. Satis N. Coleman (Rand, $2), is a little treasury of history, legends, and general information on the charming subject of campanology. It tells how bells are made and includes musical scores. There are very few "popular" books on this subject, and a good many readers interested in it.

ALFRED KNOPF, INC., sends me a deserved reproof for saying that Katharine Anthony's "Margaret Fuller" is O. P. It was published by them in 1920 and is still lively.

That just shows what is likely to happen when I trust my unaided memory. Someone having borne away my copy, I thought it was a Harcourt, Brace book, looked it up in their catalogue, and not finding it, believed it out of print without taking the matter to the United States Catalogue. When people ask me, "However do you keep all that mass of detail in your head," I reply that I keep none of it there, being quite unable to quote anything exactly, without looking it up. So I look it up. This is the secret of such accuracy as this department displays, and I recommend it to others with quotations to make.

HERE comes that book for which F. T. H., Springfield, Mass., was in search, "a certain novel whose scene is laid in Lundenberg, Nova Scotia." *M. K. W., Saint John, N. B., says:*

"I believe this is the story 'Rockbound,' by Frank Parker Day, a Nova Scotian. He was once Professor in the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B., and is now connected with (I think) Dartmouth College in the United States. 'Lundenberg' should be Lunenberg. It is a town or village on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, and while the scene of the novel is not probably a literal picture of the town, doubtless the author has caught the salty flavor of the neighborhood. An earlier book by Dr. Day is of much milder tang."

[This is the novel that so displeased the village on whose scene the story is presumably based.]

MARSHALL JONES COMPANY, Boston, tell me that I left out of the list offered to the enthusiast on the subject of the Pilgrim's Way of St. James, to Compostela, Spain, the best book of all, their "Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads," by A. Kingsley Porter. One look at this princely work makes it plain that this is quite true; it is a monumental undertaking—if those two words may be permitted to work together. A study of the influence of Cluny and of the pilgrimage to Compostela organized by Cluny, it covers fourteen routes, to each of which separate attention is given. This forms one volume of text; then come nine volumes of photographs, illustrating every point; 1527 in all, most of them made especially for this work and a great many of objects hitherto unreproduced. The only drawback to the inclusion of the work in a traveller's library, such as I was assembling, is that the ten volumes, sold together, cost $150. But they are a unique record of an important undertaking. If *M. C. P., Rye, N. Y.,* who asked for the list, will send her address to the Marshall Jones Co., 212 Summer St., Boston, a circular will be sent her.

A. M. C., Boston, Mass., working for a degree and with "The American Problem Play in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" for a subject, asks for suggestions on books about this.

THERE are no American plays cited in Ramsden Balmforth's "The Problem Play" (Holt), but the discussions of dramatic art in relation to ethics and of problem-plays as influencing and influenced by problems of social and economic relations, sex, and marriage, and ethical and religious complications, would be of value to one concerned with any section of this field. The illustrations are from English playwrights of the present day, including Shaw, Galsworthy, St. John Ervine, and Miles Malleson, from Ibsen, and from the Greeks. In Barrett Clark's valuable "Study of the Modern Drama" (Appleton) several of the plays treated in the section "The American Drama" (the book just about covers the globe and does it well) could be counted as problem plays; at least "The Easiest Way," "The Emperor Jones," "The Scarecrow," and "The Witching Hour" could certainly be so counted. If the problems are to include those of politics, there will be plenty of leads in Arthur Hobson Quinn's "History of the American Drama from the Beginning to the Civil War" (Harper) in the chapter "Tragedy and Politics, 1788-1805" and elsewhere. Montrose Moses's book on "The American Dramatist" (Little, Brown) may be supplemented by "American Playwrights of To-day," by Burns Mantle (Dodd, Mead), though in neither is there as much material as one might expect on plays that contain a definite contribution to present-day thought on matters outside the theatre. Indeed, it was not so long ago (1907) that an Al Woods press sheet, quoted in Mr. Moses's work, gave the opinion of the gallery as

> "I'm tellin' ye, pal, when you're on the level, there ain't nobody going to hand you de frozen mit. These here shootin' operas learn you more about this here Sunday School lingo and the square deal stuff, dan all them preachin' gazabos. You take my tip, pal—if you want to learn how to get along and do right, you see dese here drammers."

Translate this into an idiom other than that of Eighth Avenue and you may hear a familiar explanation for the popularity of Harold Bell Wright and other writers too numerous to mention. Combine this with Mr. Clark's statement, in his above-mentioned book, that "the average American audience has not yet (1925) come to the point where it will unflinchingly accept the logical consequences of a situation," and one may guess one reason why in the encyclopedic and hospitable pages of Professor Chandler's "Aspects of Modern Drama" (Macmillan) not one of the problem plays whose plots are given and discussed at some length is by an American. Another reason, of course, may be that until quite recently our plays were seldom printed.

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An Open Letter

THE following letter is from Mr. Henry Lewis Bullen, Librarian of The Typographic Library and Museum of the American Type Founders Co. at Jersey City—the largest and most important collection of books on typography which has been brought together. Mr. Bullen's knowledge of type and printing is extensive, and his services to the art have been many and notable. The letter is published *verbatim et literatim* save for one paragraph, omitted for its irrelevancy and not because of its sentiments:

Dear Rollins:

Your review of Mr. Nash's "Dante" in *The Saturday Review of Literature* of December 7, 1929, which belatedly came to my attention, adds to my knowledge of the Rollins who now pontificates among the playboys of typography. It were wiser and manlier to rise above personal dislikes in your reviews; and that you have not done so in this instance impels me to devote an hour or two this Sunday to the task of convincing you of the fatuity of that review and your error in underestimating a printer whom I respect more than any other in my extensive acquaintance. Doubtless the effort is more than the occasion requires, but I cannot restrain my resentment.

In your endeavor to damn with faint praise the best example of purely typographic book printing and bookmaking produced in America, you admit you could "find it extremely good" *if* you would "overlook the terrible way—the absurd grandiloquence of the phraseology—in which the printer announces his book." Much that is unfair is in that *if*.

I have carefully reread the prospectus of Mr. Nash's Dante, and, esteeming myself quite as good a judge of the English language as yourself, I cannot find a single word in it that justifies your harsh adjectives. I see in it something beyond the ken of playboy printers. I have met them all and found none with any genuine sentiment for the printing art, other than as it narrowly affects their own small ambitions and meagre returns, the latter deficiencies seemingly offset or compensated for to their satisfaction by excessive adulation of reviewers imperfectly informed of typographic art. Only a sincere devotee of our art, with an entirely commendable profound reverence for its masters and their achievements, could have written as Mr. Nash did in his prospectus, which is in its purpose, its sentiments, and its typography a little masterpiece, in comparison with which the now much-sought-after prospectuses of the Kelmscott and Doves presses are insignificant. Mr. Nash's prospectus expresses the same exalted spirit which characterizes the preface of Aldo Manutio, Henri Estienne, Geofroy Tory, and Pierre Didot, which are precious, inspiring gems in the literature of printing. The playboys cannot associate the words "noble, immortal, glorious" with their more or less amateurish toy books, one of which you recently commended to collectors because it was printed on dampened paper! If such words seem "absurd" to any printer, that fact discloses the narrowness of his vision and objective. There is now a considerable army of playboy printers, of varying degrees of demerit, most of them producing boobybait. Boobybait is a term for which I am indebted to Ben Ray Redmond (*sic*) who recently, in the Lit. Sup. of the *Herald Tribune*, shrewdly remarked that "books published in limited editions are easily divisible into two classes: those that are really worth making beautifully in limited numbers and those that are simply over-priced boobybait." Boobybait is the product of the playboys, whose works are easily reviewed by the use of indiscriminate stereotyped laudatory phrases and adjectives. Having overpraised the boobybait, the reviewers become befogged when they deal with a masterly book, so much so that they cannot explain why it is a masterpiece. Not even in the "Compleat Collector" have I ever seen a truly discriminating review of a book of superior merit. I constantly see books of inferior merit over-praised.

Your faint praise of Cloister Lightface amuses me. That series is a microscopical reproduction of the unsurpassable Jenson roman of 1470. We state this fact in our advertising, which you perhaps do not believe, if you read it. As you look at the types in the Dante you say that they (i. e. Jenson's design) "lack the refinement of the Doves and Centaur," not taking into consideration that Mr. Nash used 18-pt., while both the Doves and Centaur are made only in 16-pt., and that when a design is reduced in size it increases in refinement. 18-pt. made with the refinement of a 16-pt. would be distressingly weak. Our Cloister types are decidedly not of "the general character" of Morris' Golden types. Morris claimed to have followed Jenson's design, but he utterly misinterpreted it, in the mistaken belief (probably) that he was improving it. Reviewers should know these things. Of Cloister Lightface I wish you to be informed that Dr. Rodenberg, first of German critical authorities on typography, has written that it is the finest type face now available in the typographic art. Now, largely because of Dr. Rodenberg's praise, type founders in Central Europe are following us in following Jenson. They are also following us in following Bodoni and Garamond. In these followings the Germans, especially, are gaining a better appreciation of the superiority of roman characters to the Gothic which is the chief reason for the new, great vogue of san serif letters in Germany.

To say of the blue rules which frame the Dante pages that "simple as they are, they are not so simple as they should be," is absurdly "absurd." How would you make them more simple? As the main text is poetry, each line ending irregularly, and accompanied with side notes, the rules are not simply decorative, but have the purpose of giving coherency to the pages, in a manner not otherwise possible. A reviewer should think of these things! Perhaps, also, you did not observe that the copious side notes, though written in prose, are quite adroitly relieved of discordant angularity by being set in lines of irregular endings, an idea not without high precedent, though unusual. This really is a fine point that should have been noted in a review, as it adds decisively to the general good effect of the pages, and to the credit due the printer.

I realize, of course, that you really (if reluctantly) admire the Dante. It was not in your province to discuss Dr. Anderson's text, but when you referred to Mr. Nash's choice of the text as "so frequently printed" you would seem to have read much too carelessly the "terrible" prospectus, otherwise you would have learned that Mr. Nash's Dante is in a meter never before successfully used in a translation in English of Dante's verse, for the first time printed in the work you were reviewing. As a new rendering of Dante, copies were bought for the Vatican Library and the Royal Italian Library. Italian reviewers acclaimed this new rendition of the works of Italy's great poet. These facts would have added to the interest and value of your review and would have been fairer to Mr. Nash, who has proved himself averse to the use of hackneyed texts. This Dante was oversubscribed a short time after the "terrible" prospectus was issued, and I am inclined to believe the unusual demand for this expensive work was due in good measure to its novel literary appeal. I predict that as time goes on this particular Dante text will be so frequently printed.

Your praise of the Dutch paper and the German binding is just, yet it was not by accident that such paper and binding were used, but by the will and act of Mr. Nash. Where could anyone have found anything as good as he selected? The same is true of the types Mr. Nash selected and used so *perfectly*—perfect in pressmanship, in color, in register! The subscribers to this great and new addition to the literature of Dante received a work as perfect as it is possible to make in the present high state of the arts of the book.

John Henry Nash is America's greatest

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master of the typographic art. There is no position in the typographic field he could not adequately dominate. [Here is omitted extended reference to a trade catalogue not printed by Mr. Nash.] He has chosen to confine his activities to the highest plane of his art, in which his actual personal participation in every detail is required, and in which he has, therefore, achieved preëminent success. He

Thinks naught a trifle, though it small appear:
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And perfected trifles the perfect work.

I have had better opportunities of knowing Mr. Nash than you have had. I suppose your manifest prejudice is based on hearsay. Know then that his is a dominating personality; petty people are apt to misunderstand him; he is a sincere *lover* of his art and of all sincere folks who practice it. He has had and still has an extraordinary influence on the improvement of printing in the printing houses which day by day are doing the work required by the progressive population of the Pacific Coast, where printing is not a whit behind printing East of the Mississippi. He is highly esteemed by the numerous learned bibliophiles and collectors who have made Californian libraries the envy of the East. By his effort and example he has caused the art and industry of printing to be more generally respected on the Pacific Coast than anywhere else in America. No other printer in America is so influential. He is rated as a big man by the big men in other professions and industries on the Pacific Coast. Withal he is tender-hearted and sensitive, as men usually are who are frank, free-handed, and straightforward in every relation of life. As a master printer he holds his head high for the honor of his profession. As a craftsman he is unpretentious, thoroughly democratic, even humble. A great personality, he is ever the friend of aspiring students. A hater of pretence and of unfair persons, Mr. Nash has an extraordinarily large and devoted following of wellwishers, both among the influential and among those striving upwards. This is the man you have been unfair with; yet you cannot teach him anything in the arts of the book or in the refinements of life.

HENRY LEWIS BULLEN.

Typographic Library and Museum,
Jersey City, January 26, 1930.

E. A. Connoughton, rare book and document expert, recently announced that he had discovered in a library in Santa Barbara, Calif., the letter George Washington wrote to Congress acknowledging notification of his election as the first President of the United States.

The letter follows:

"Mount Vernon, April 14, 1789.

"Sir, I had the honor to receive your official communication, by the hand of Mr. Secretary Thompson, about 1 o'clock this day. Having concluded to obey the important and flattering call of my country, and having been impressed with an idea of the expediency of my being with Congress at as early a period as possible; I propose to commence my journey on Thursday morning, which will be the day after tomorrow.

"I have the honor to be with sentiments of esteem,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient servant, G. Washington.

"The Honorable Jno. Langdon, Esq."

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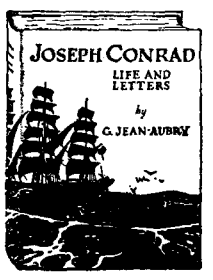

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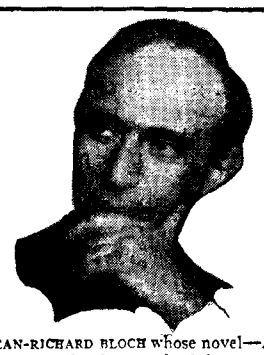

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And Company, heralded abroad for years by such literary titans as ROMAIN ROLLAND, PAUL VALÉRY, ISRAEL ZANGWILL, ARNOLD BENNETT, and PAUL CLAUDEL, has struck America like a bombshell.

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Who is the man behind—*And Company?*

JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH is one of the most interesting personalities in Europe. At the age of twenty-three he had settled down modestly to a professorship in a little high school in the Jura region. He sent a play to ANTOINE, the famous director; greatly to his surprise it was performed at the *Odéon*—and JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH was started on a literary career of remarkable fertility and variety.

It was a career that was brutally interrupted by the war. Wounded again and again at the battle of the *Marne*, in *Champagne*, and at *Verdun*, he was demobilized in 1919, exhausted by both his physical and moral injuries. The proofs of the revision of *—And Company* were corrected while he was in hospital.

Since 1919 he has won premier distinction as librettist, essayist, traveller, novelist, dramatist, editor, lecturer and business man. He has written many books and has projected a gigantic cycle of novels of which *—And Company* is the first member.

Two years ago, when *—And Company* was first accepted for American publication, M. BLOCH wrote to *The Inner Sanctum* as follows: "I do not know what boredom means. I like struggle, I like peace, I like society and solitude, I like travelling and tranquillity, I like the city and I like the revolt against the city. I like to see my friends and to refrain from seeing them, I dislike work and I work enormously. I have just passed my forty-third year and feel that my *Wanderjahren* are now over and that my *Lehrjahren* are just beginning. I feel myself at the second stage of my life and work. A first cycle of books has just been closed. The second is just begun."

Which gives an interesting sidelight on what we may expect from the author of *—And Company*.

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MR. JOHN MACRAE of Dutton's has sent forth a large double-sheet concerning "The Miracle of Peille," by *J. L. Campbell*. It sounds to us as if it might be a beautiful book. It is a novel of religious mysticism. But we hear that the end is not as good as the rest of the book. However, the picture of the little French village where Mr. Campbell wrote his novel has enchanted us. It is just the kind of place we should love to live in, high in the mountains, drowsing in the sun. . . .

A pamphlet has been brought out by permission of *Sinclair Lewis* and the Scripps-Howard Newspapers which is copyrighted by the United Feature Syndicate, Inc., and is a picture of a Southern Mill Town in 1929. It is called "Cheap and Contented Labor." It deals with Marion, N. C. It is red-hot and apparently deservedly so. Lewis's account of conditions down there makes one's blood boil. . . .

Dear *Dido*: Doggone it! Here we turn up your note about that fudge a month late and now we suppose it's all gone; and anyway we'll be gone by the time you read this. And we have never heard the two wicked anecdotes, the two temperance songs (both holy), or the one unsuccessful take-off of Dotty Parker's Hemingway article. Doggone! Doggone! . . .

N. R. Wreden is representing William Edwin Rudge throughout the Southern territory. We have been asked to mention this. . . .

Joseph Anthony, editor of the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, is retiring from the publishing business and will resume his writing. The resignation will take effect March 1st. Saul Flaum, associate editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazines, will succeed Mr. Anthony as editor of the Book Corporation. . . .

The day after publication *Norah James's* second novel "To the Valiant" burst into a second big printing. The book is published by William Morrow and Company. . . .

William Gerhardi is coming over for a visit. His new novel, "Pending Heaven," will be published by Harper's on February 19th. In it he plays variations upon the themes of free-lancing and free-loving. . . .

E. P. Dutton and Company has just brought out a new edition of *John Middleton Murry's* psychological novel which was first issued in 1922, when it found a small but discriminating audience. Someday we wish we would find a copy (without paying a fortune for it!) of *The Signature*, a little magazine once produced by *Katharine Mansfield*, *D. H. Lawrence*, and Murry. It cost only ten-pence at the time! . . .

Roger Goodland writes:

> The pride of authorship being full upon me I am venturing to send a little limerick which was evolved by me lately and which in my humble opinion is rather good. Here it is:
>
> *There is a young man in Schenectady,*
> *One Edward by name, who's a wreck to-day.*
> *For, oh, sad to tell,*
> *He reads Ethel M. Dell—*
> *You ought really to try old Ben Hecht, Eddy.*
>
> By the way, the hotel cat Mons. Kiki has just been paying me a short visit (he is a somewhat haughty and capricious creature). It might be as well, perhaps, not to leave this card about on your desk as O'Reilley might see it and become alarmed at this feline reference.

Mr. Goodland writes from Paris, from the Rue de Vaugirard. We left his postal around, in spite of what he said, and what came of it was that when we picked it up just now we found pencilled on it. "I say they're French cats and I say the hell with them! O'Reilly." So O'Reilly is back! And just as we depart. But maybe the office staff can keep our machine out of his clutches! . . .

J. D. Beresford has just gone over to The Viking Press and his new novel, "Love's Illusion" will be published on February 15th by them. . . .

Lo and behold, an even newer publisher has entered the field, *Alfred H. King* of 8 West 40th Street. Two of his earliest publications are "Pilgrim to the Abyss" by *Axel Eggebrecht* and "Tenthragon" by *Constance Savery*, the former a translation from the German, the latter an English novel. . . .

Samuel Chotzinoff's "Eroica" ought to be a good life of Beethoven. As a matter of fact, it is not quite that, being a novel based upon the life. Simon and Schuster put it forth this month. . . .

Little, Brown have *Amy Wellington's* "Women Have Told"; it is composed of studies in the feminist tradition from *Mary Wollstonecraft* to *Rebecca West*. *Margaret Fuller*, the *Brontës*, *George Eliot*, *Olive Schreiner*, and *May Sinclair* are some of the authors included. . . .

We suppose by now you have read the Expurgated Mother Goose—or have you been reading "The Hums of Pooh"? Or have you been singing either? Or humming either? Or—Oh dear, dear, what *have* you been doing? . . . .

The Censorship & Copyright Dinner of the P. E. N. Club will take place a week from today,—on February 15th to be exact, —at 7:30 at 130 West 56th Street (8th Floor). The Guests of Honor will be the *Honorable Bronson Cutting*, United States Senator from New Mexico, and the *Honorable Albert H. Vestal*, Member of Congress from Indiana. *Will Irwin* will be chairman and *Miss Rachel Crothers* chief hostess. . . .

The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation is now newly situated at 572 Madison Avenue, telephone Wickersham, 2800. And, alas! *Elliot Holt's* name is no longer on the door next door to our shebeen or boreen or whatever you call it out of its name. . . .

Longmans, Green are to be the new publishers of Fowler Wright's novels. That man has a grand imagination in his stories. . . .

John Wanamaker had quite a life, and *Joseph H. Appel* has written up the merchant pioneer's career in a book entitled, "The Business Biography of John Wanamaker—Founder and Builder," which Macmillan has just brought out. . . .

From "Green Plains," Hewlett, Long Island, *Mrs. T. Catesby Jones* writes as follows:

> Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—I must this time break through the silence of awed admiration to which your learning ordinarily reduces me, to tell you that "The Worst Journey in the World," by Apsley Cherry-Garrard, shortly to be issued by Lincoln MacVeagh, must be a new edition of the book first published in 1922, with the subtitle, "Antarctic—1910-1913." As the author's note to that edition says, it is "a narrative of Scott's last expedition from its departure from England in 1910 to its return to New Zealand in 1913." The supreme account of that gallant company must always be Captain Scott's own diary as given in the first volume of "Scott's Last Expedition." But Mr. Cherry-Garrard, who wrote his book at the request of the Antarctic Committee, had access to the then unpublished diaries, letters and illustrations made by Lieutenant Bowers, Dr. Wilson, and himself. He gives, moreover, in full detail an account of the Winter Journey made by Dr. Wilson, Bowers, and himself to Cape Crozier in quest of the eggs of the Emperor penguins. It is in the report on the microscopic examination of the three eggs brought back by the Crozier party, made by Professor Cossar Ewart, of Edinburgh University, that the phrase is found, "the worst journey in the world in the interest of science," from which the book takes its title. Furthermore, Mr. Cherry-Garrard, writing with the perspective of nine years—and what years!—, is able to see and evaluate much that is hidden to the day-by-day recorder of events. The humor, the heroism, the psychology in a word, of men under peril and hardship come out in this as in no other account of that most gallant of expeditions, and Mr. Cherry-Garrard, in spite of his modest self-deprecation ("My own writing is my own despair, but it is better than it was and this is directly due to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw"), was the man to write it. The spirit of the man and the spirit of the book are in the last words of his Introduction:
>
> "I need hardly add that the nine years' delay in the appearance of my book was caused by the war. Before I had recovered from the heavy overdraft made on my strength by the expedition I found myself in Flanders looking after a fleet of armored cars. A war is like the Antarctic in one respect. There is no getting out of it with honor as long as you can put one foot before the other. I came back badly invalided, and the book had to wait accordingly."
>
> I did not intend, when I began, to write so much. But it will not matter if I have induced you to read "The Worst Journey in the World" and to applaud its republication. I only hope that the new edition will keep many of Dr. Wilson's fine sketches as illustrations. How they were ever made under those conditions—!!

. . . And so we're off to take a steamboat.
Toot! Toot! We've gone away!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

It warmed our heart recently to receive such generous commendation from W. O. S., of Beverly Hills, California. We are glad to get further evidence of an interest, even a warm affection, for Oxford books. The last compliment from that famous community was the production of a movie basing its most dramatic scenes on Wortley's *Letters From a Flying Officer*,[1] which remains in our mind the best aviation book that came out of the war. Our guess is that it would be a most spectacular "best seller" had it come out now in the midst of the popularity of such literature. It is made up throughout of thrilling, personal experiences, fictionized only for compression and a thin disguise of characters. Bruce Gould, who wrote a war book himself, has said "of books about flying Wortley's *Letters From a Flying Officer* seems to me far and away the most interesting of all." The *Forum* has called it "a thrilling and inspiring epic of gallantry." The Army Quarterly has said "In this well-written book, those who fought in the air during the War may recapture the atmosphere in which they lived during those four and a half years of intense air development." The Galveston *News* has praised "its sheer gripping drama."

It was most gratifying also to know that our correspondent received such satisfaction from books we have recommended in this column. For, whereas we do limit our reading suggestions to the publications of the Oxford University Press, we do so with the conviction that real book lovers can find therein books for any mood that will delight their fancy.

Nor do we guide you into Delphic depths. Like Lamb[2], in one respect we are no "Herculanean raker"; and "those *variæ lectiones*," the mouldering MSS. of Bodleian shelves are heavy sauce to our taste. We rather leave those for the "more erudite palates" of the scholars who follow, with pious zeal, the complete output of the Oxford University Press.

But here we talk of Oxford books, old and new, that are written for you and us that we may enjoy together the work of the Press as a pleasant adventure.

Dead Towns and Living Men[3], by C. Leonard Woolley, has just come out in a jacket that is reminiscent of his last thrilling book, *The Sumerians*[4]. Where last year's book reconstructs the daily life (before and after the Flood) in the earliest known city of man, Ur, the city of Abraham, this book tells of other discoveries in Egypt, Italy and Syria and of the life of an archæologist in the field, at play and at work. We read of Cleopatra and of T. E. Lawrence, who was with Woolley at Carchemish, (Cleopatra was not). In short, we read the interesting pages from the notebook of a great explorer.

In the Oxford Library[5], a few days ago, our curiosity carried us through *The Poems of Nathaniel Wanley*[6]. Did you know that Wanley's *Wonders of the Little World* was one of the sources of "The Pied Piper of Hamlin"? (All the senatorial discussion of the 18th Amendment suggests that this famous 19th century title would have been, in our day, "The Pie-eyed Piper, etc.") But Wanley brings us from ridiculous speculation to sublime editions, namely those in the *Tudor and Stuart Library*[7], in which Wanley's poems appear.

And the mention of poetry, in turn, brings us to Robert Bridges's *The Testament of Beauty*[8]. Lola Ridge says that it "places him with the masters. . . . It is a real contribution to the poetry of our age, to that small part of it that shall endure beyond our time." J. C. Squire calls it the most veracious and thrilling poem about man, time, and eternity written in our generation. We urge you to read

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. . . .

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) $2.50. (2) Complete Works, 2 vols., $1.50 each. (3) $2.00. (4) $2.50. (5) 114 5th Ave., N. Y. C., where you may read or buy books as you please. (6) $2.50. (7) Some 26 titles, $1.50 to $6.00. (8) $3.50; limited edition by Wm. Rudge, $25.00.

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 722*)

TEMPTATIONS TO RIGHT-DOING. By ELLA LYMAN CABOT. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

SELF-RELIANCE. By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. Holt. 1929. $2.

It would be an injustice to the author of this book to introduce her merely as the wife of the well-known Dr. Richard Cabot of Boston, but it is evident that she has been his partner in studying his familiar field of medical social service and the science of well-balanced living, and has gone on to the constructive application of that line of thinking to the field of family life and the training of children and young people. She wishes, she says, "to bring together from actual experience the principal attractions to good living—in other words, the ideas, affections, interests, and activities that make us prefer the right and reject the wrong." The book, that is, is based essentially upon a positive or constructive point of view, and is therefore in line with the up-to-date principles which tell us to say to the child or young person "Do" rather than "Don't."

Mrs. Cabot's study has been to seek out and present all the lines of suggestion and of mutual understanding which may make this "Do" not an abstract command or theory, but a wholly practical, interesting, and rewarding program—both for those whose training is at stake and for their guides; all this being applied both in the home and in social service. In addition to these practical lines there is also in many sections a freely inspirational tone, but without sentimentality. A few of the more unusual chapter-heads are indicative of the trend of thought: Skilful Criticisms; Leaders and Leader-Finders; Character Study (reactions of varied types); Response to the Strength of Youth; Training in Moral Thoughtfulness; The Current Interests; Responsibility the Commander; The Return of the Soul, and so on. Sources of strength and stimulus on one side and of scientifically sympathetic guidance on the other are discussed and usually illustrated.

An interesting companion to this book, in its essentially practical point of view, may here be mentioned: a reprint of Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Self-Reliance," studies on the training of children and adolescents in connection with both the home and the school. As the author herself points out, an interesting feature is that while all of it is perennially valuable to the somewhat inexperienced or isolated parent—counted by thousands—, some parts will indicate to the more trained or thoughtful reader an extensive and satisfying achievement of many of its ideas since its first publication fifteen years ago. All this is to the great benefit of many parents of to-day who now have available not only better schools but a wide range of such suggestive books for their personal guidance. To them some of Mrs. Fisher's courageously tentative ideas will bring an appreciation of their bettered circumstances; to all readers the reprint will be a welcome one.

TREE CROPS: A Permanent Agriculture. By J. RUSSELL SMITH. Harcourt, Brace. 1929.

The Forest Service has maintained a propaganda bureau for years upon the theory that even good ideas would be swallowed up without it. Mr. Russell Smith, Professor of Economic Geography at Columbia, has put out this volume on nut culture with much the same idea.

To say that a book is propaganda literature is usually to say that it is a hodge-podge of enthusiasm or mendacity or worse. But here is a book by one of perhaps three persons in America who know more about nut trees than any one else. One of them, Dr. Morris, has already written a book reviewed in these pages when it appeared; the other, Mr. Willard Bixby, of Baldwin, Long Island, has as yet written no book. The third is Mr. Smith, the author of the present volume.

Not quite so technical or specific as the Morris book, it is more readable, more generally informative, and infinitely more valuable as nut propaganda. The general reader may get from it, perhaps from the first time in America, an idea of what scientific nut culture means, the need for it, the opportunities for success or failure in it, and above all, practical hints on varieties to grow and how to grow them.

No book that has come to the notice of this reviewer states more clearly what idle, potentially nut-producing land might yield, if it is handled with intelligence and foresight.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM. Compiled by *H. W. Nevinson*. Dutton. $2.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY: "Comedies," by *J. B. Poquelin Molière*, 2 vols. "The State of the Prisons," by *John Howard*. "Phineas Finn," by *Anthony Trollope*. "Essays," by *Leigh Hunt*. "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," by *Lewis Carroll*. "Manon Lescaut," by *Abbé Prévost*. Dutton.

THE "EFFINGHAM" LIBELS ON COOPER. By *Ethel R. Outland*. University of Wisconsin Studies.

MOTION PICTURES IN HISTORY TEACHING. By *Daniel C. Knowlton* and *J. Warren Tilton*. Yale University Press. $2.

LOGIC FOR USE. By *Ferdinand Canning Scott Schiller*. Harcourt, Brace.

ODEOGRAPHY OF B. FRANKLIN. By *Earl H. Emmons*. Ayerdale Press, 148 West 10th Street, New York.

THE VILLAGE OF SEWICKLEY. By *Franklin Taylor Nevin*. Sewickley, Pa.: Sewickley Printing Shop.

FORGIVE US OUR HAPPINESS. By *Walton Hall Smith*. Liveright. $2.50.

THE GREEK FATHERS. By *James Marshall Campbell*. Longmans, Green. $1.75.

ROMA. By *Josephine Gibson*. Privately printed.

THE BOOK OF THE COURTIER. By *Baldesar Castiglione*. Liveright. $3.50.

A BOOK OF DRAMATIC COSTUME. By *Edith Dabney* and *C. M. Wise*. Crofts. $3.

LOVE OF NATURE AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS. By *Henry Rushton Fairclough*. Longmans, Green. $2.25.

ESSAYS TOWARD LIVING. By *Albert C. Baugh* and *Norman Egbert McClure*. Ronald. $2.

THE IMMUNOLOGY OF PARASITIC INFECTIONS. By *William H. Taliaferro*. Century. $6.

THE ROYAL INSCRIPTIONS OF SUMER AND AKKAD. By *George A. Barton*. Yale University Press. $6.50.

FEATHERED GAME. By *Eugene V. Connett*. Derrydale.

THE PATH OF DREAMS. By *George Marion McClellan*. Nashville, Tenn.: A. M. E. Sunday School Union.

SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK. 1930. Edited by *Davis*. London: Trade & Travel Publications.

THE ART OF INTERROGATION. By *E. R. Hamilton*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

MY SYSTEM: A Chess Treatise. By *Aaron Trimzowitsch*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF BOOKS. By *J. Howard Whitehouse*. London: Allen & Unwin.

THE RECALL OF PUBLIC OFFICERS. By *Frederick L. Bird* and *Frances M. Ryan*. Macmillan. $4.

SKIS AND SKI-ING. By *Elon Jessup*. Dutton. $3.

THE ADVERTISING PARADE. Edited by *Robert Hunt*. Harpers. $7.50.

HOME CRAFT RUGS. By *Lydia Le Baron Walker*. Stokes. $5.

SWIMMING AND PLAIN DIVING. By *Ann Avery Smith*. Scribners. $2.

PINWHEEL PUZZLES. By *Abraham H. Sakier*. Century. $1.

AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION. By *Austin F. Macdonald*. Crowell. $3.75.

WEST VIRGINIA ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by *Phil Conley*. Charleston, West Va.: The West Virginia Review. $14.50.

Travel

THE LANTERN SHOW OF PARIS. By F. G. HURRELL. Cape & Smith. 1929. $2.50.

These little paragraphs by Mr. Hurrell appeared first in the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail*, accompanied by small black-and-white sketches of Paris scenes. Under the title "Paris Pastels" they have been read and approved by thousands of visitors and residents in that present day Mecca of the Anglo-Saxon race. Their range is great, and it is probable that almost everyone, however expert in the ways of the city, will find some bits of new information in Mr. Hurrell's book. On the other hand, few of the sketches attempt to do more than skim their subjects, since in a daily paper limitations of space impose superficiality on the author who seeks to cover, even in the space of a year, all the complexity that is Paris. In book form this is sometimes a little annoying, but no doubt readers will be able to follow up for themselves the trails so tantalizingly indicated by Mr. Hurrell. A floridity of style not wholly out of place here characterizes the author, who divides his time about equally between the people and the buildings of the city, without any special preference for the well-known or for the obscure. Certainly the innumerable Americans who have been to Paris, are in Paris, or (most fortunate) are about to go to Paris, will all find something to charm them in this book, more notable perhaps because of its subject than because of any novelty of manner.

GRAND CANYON COUNTRY. By *W. R. Tillotson* and *Frank J. Taylor*. Stanford University Press. $2.

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